

"All the Consent
That's Fit to Manufacture"

The New York ^{WAR} Crimes

The One Year Edition
Glory to the martyrs
Victory to the resistance
Until liberation!

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FREE

ONE YEAR SINCE AL-AQSA FLOOD REVOLUTION UNTIL VICTORY!



Palestinians break through the border fence in Gaza City, October 7, 2023.

'I Have Lived My Life With Only Half A Heart' A diary of displacement and sorrow in Gaza

By
NOUR ABDUL LATIF

Being a woman often makes life more challenging, but what if this woman lives in an occupied country, in a place under siege for eighteen years — like Gaza?

Like any working mother, my life revolved around balancing my role taking care of my three children, aged between ten and four, with that as a teacher to hundreds of young students. The difficulty of this task was so overwhelming that I would fall asleep each night without dreams or thoughts, utterly exhausted. The "Israeli" occupation compounded these challenges, affecting many aspects of our lives. For example, the limited hours of electricity each day forced us to organize our lives around the erratic availability of power. Little did I know that this inconvenience would become a distant dream, as the worst was yet to come.

The Genocide Begins

On an ordinary morning, I was packing my son Yamen's bag for kindergarten when a barrage of rockets suddenly erupted into the Gaza sky. For a

moment, I knew it was war, though the reality of what had occurred was still unclear. We glued ourselves to the TV, to images that had once seemed impossible. We wept as we dreamed of liberating all of Palestine and reclaiming the lands we had been denied from for so long. A few hours later, the bombing of my city began, and I realized the true cost of the freedom we had briefly enjoyed.

The nights of genocide had begun; entire residential blocks burned before our eyes. I held my children tightly, trying to shield them from the terror, but how could I? "This is a new missile, Mama," said Jumana, my nine-year-old daughter. "It makes a sound like a snake when it falls!"

After five nights of constant red skies from the intense bombing, we watched the residents of the Al-Karamah neighborhood evacuate, knowing that our turn would be next.

On the sixth day, I began packing my essentials in preparation for moving to a safer place. It was the hardest task I had ever faced—how could I fit my entire life into a single bag?

A Woman With Half a Heart

We were experiencing a complete

power outage, and I was entirely dependent on news from local radio stations. That evening, I heard reports of a bombing near the area where my sister lives. My heart trembled.

I called, but neither she nor her husband answered. I feared the worst. From six in the evening until ten at night, I anxiously awaited any news. A relative finally called, and I barely remember the details of what happened next. I rushed to Al-Shifa Hospital, hoping to find her there, but all that was recovered were body parts. I didn't get to say goodbye, didn't bury her, and didn't hold a funeral amidst the overwhelming death around us. That night, I was consumed by grief. Since then, I have lived my life with only half a heart.

Displacement is the Way of Sorrows

On October 13, the sky over Gaza City was filled with leaflets from the occupation army instructing us to leave the city and move to so-called "safe areas" in the southern part of the Strip. We also received evacuation calls on our mobile phones. At the time, I was already displaced in Al-Shati Refugee Camp in Gaza City where my family lived. People stood in the alleys,

shocked and confused. Panic spread among us when the international organizations announced that they would start evacuating people to the southern part of the Strip.

The streets of Gaza City turned into a ghost town, filled with waste, the smell of death, and pervasive fear. It was a night of pure terror and complete isolation from the rest of the world, with preparations underway for a Zionist invasion of the camp and continuous bombardment by land, air, and sea. We heard the news only on the radio and were horrified by reports of the Baptist (Al-Ahli) hospital massacre. We cried as we listened to a press conference held among the corpses of children. My children developed fevers from the intensity of their fear, and the danger drew closer. My family refused to leave their home, so I bid them farewell to save my children.

We fled to Rafah, where friends and loved ones welcomed us with open arms, but the bitter taste of leaving Gaza City lingered.

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Palestinians riding horses on the beach at sunset in Gaza City, December 17, 2021. (Photo by Rizek Abdeljawad)

"Go, Mahdi, Go,
Oh, people, these are our occupied lands.
Our lands, oh people, these are our lands.
Our occupied lands, oh people,
these are our occupied lands.
Oh people, our occupied lands.
We have returned to our lands, oh, people.
Our occupied lands, oh, people.
Our occupied lands, oh, people.
We have returned, oh people, after eighty years.
We have returned to our occupied lands.
Our occupied lands.
Our lands,
Our lands,
Our lands, oh people.
Beer el Sabe', oh God, Beer el Sabe'
Beer el Sabe', our homeland
Beer el Sabe', our homeland
Beer el Sabe' oh my homeland,
it is within you where the falcon sang.
We returned to our occupied lands"

Transcript of a man returning from Gaza on October 7

NOTE FROM THE EDITORS Memorializing October 7

As the sun rose over the besieged Gaza Strip on October 7, 2023, the people of the land repurposed a Caterpillar bulldozer, used by the occupation forces to demolish their homes, into a vehicle of escape. The blade mangled the barbed wire, ripping and tearing the chainlink apart. The same fence through which Palestinians were shot and killed during the Great March of Return five years prior became their exit. Meanwhile Hamas fighters, equipped with motorized paragliders, flew over the border.

The people of Gaza, caged for more than seventeen years, rushed back to their stolen land. Some of them dropped to their knees and kissed the earth, thanked and praised God that they had finally returned. Others climbed atop their occupier's tanks and adorned them with the Palestinian flag. The scene was reminiscent of Lebanon on May 25th, 2000 when the Israeli army retreated from the South after an 18-year occupation. It was prophetic: the ruins of the colonizer's machinery gathering dust, the soldiers vanquished, the people reunited with land they had been barred from touching. A man running into the open plains filmed himself and repeated the same line over and over again: "We have returned, oh people, after eighty years, we have returned to our occupied lands."

Hamas' operation on October 7 was a moment of rupture. It revealed Israel's permanence to be an expensive façade, and exposed the Zionist project's fragility. Behind the mythologies of its omnipotence, the entity is frail, weak, rotting—a death cult. Al-Aqsa Flood showed us the basic truth of resistance: Life is stronger than death.

The Flood was not the beginning of Israel's war on Gaza, but an attempt to end to a century of colonial and imperial violence: the Nakba of 76 years that forced Palestinians from their homes and razed entire villages; the home demolitions that saw illegal settlements rise atop Palestinian land; the arrest, torture, and rape of prisoners; the assaults on Gaza in 2008, 2012, 2014, 2018, 2021, that have destroyed its infrastructure, martyred thousands, and maimed many more; the massacres in Deir Yassin, Sabra, Shatila; the martyrdom of our national liberation leaders and assassinations of journalists. The armed resistance project is a direct response to colonial terror.

Palestinians that have been dehumanized by Zionism reclaimed their agency and discovered, in the words of Frantz Fanon, "that his life, his breath, his beating heart are the same as those of the settler." But to only focus on the hope that Al-Aqsa Flood elicited would be shortsighted; we must also commemorate October 7 as the beginning of a new Zionist genocide. Israel, humiliated by their cap-

tives' freedom, unleashed depraved violence against the people of Palestine. The Zionist entity has bombed and besieged hospitals; decapitated infants, exploded tents; sniped children; assassinated journalists; manufactured famine; engineered epidemics; vaporized bloodlines; destroyed churches, mosques, universities, cultural centers and homes; and directed almost-daily massacres. We cite 40,000 martyrs knowing that the number is far greater; the infrastructure needed to account for them has been decimated, the people that count the martyrs, martyred themselves. This horror that cannot be captured through words and evades psychic comprehension.

On September 23, 2024, Israel bombed the south of Lebanon and the Beirut suburb of Dahiyeh, martyring 556 Lebanese, half of the death toll in the entire July War in 2006. This is and has always been Zionism: irredeemable, diseased, violent. It must be eradicated for life to prevail.

This issue of *The New York War Crimes*, published on the anniversary of Al-Aqsa Flood, seeks to intervene in the memorialization of October 7. How should that day be remembered? How can we balance commemorating the horror of genocide with the heroism of the resistance? How do we honor our martyrs and fight for the living?

Across sixteen pages, writers, collectives, translators, artists, and poets situate the world historic day within the broader history of the Palestinian struggle. Collectively written and edited, the paper is a product of unrelenting grief and boundless love — honoring our martyrs, commemorating the genocide, reflecting on our movement, and celebrating the resistance in Palestine, Lebanon, and beyond.

The pages in your hand are a tool to sharpen your analyses, to evaluate where we have failed, and more importantly, consider how we win. But the truth is — and has been — that to solely read and think about Palestine is inadequate. We must escalate, must invent new ways of agitating and disrupting the war machines intent on destroying all life. As Israel creates new thresholds of violence, we must imagine new horizons of victory and achieve them.

Before she was martyred in Rafah in 2001, Rachel Corrie wrote to her parents, "I think it is a good idea for us all to drop everything and devote our lives to making this stop. I don't think it's an extremist thing to do anymore." Indeed, the collapse of Zionism is inevitable but we must commit ourselves to the struggle to make it imminent. It is a heartbreaking struggle, but a noble, necessary one.

No more anniversaries of genocide. Instead, push towards that inevitable day, the beginning of Palestine's freedom within our lifetimes.

‘No One Else Is Going to Deliver the Truth From Gaza’

An Interview with the Palestinian Journalists Syndicate

On October 2, the Palestinian Journalists Syndicate (PJS) published a report titled *Silencing Voices: The Plight of Palestinian Journalists Detained by Israeli Occupation During Ongoing Israeli Aggression*. The document’s 26 pages include testimonies from more than a dozen Palestinian journalists from Gaza, the occupied West Bank, and East Jerusalem who were kidnapped by the Israeli occupation and held without due process after October 7, 2023 while on the job.

“They speak of beatings with sharp objects, prolonged hanging, forced stripping, attempted rape of both male and female prisoners, and death threats,” said PJS President Nasser Abu Bakr of the testimonies. “It is slow torture, carried out over hours, days, and sometimes months...We ask the conscience of humanity — where are you in all of this?”

Israel’s mass slaughter of media workers constitutes the largest and most systematic attack on the press in world history. Authors of the PJS report counted over 165 Palestinian journalist martyrs in Gaza since the start of the genocide and 107 media worker detentions throughout Gaza, the occupied West Bank, and East Jerusalem. Some remain behind bars; others are unaccounted for.

We sat down with Shuruq As’ad of the PJS to discuss the findings of the report and conditions that Palestinian reporters continue to face while reporting on the Israeli occupation.

NEW YORK WAR CRIMES: What was the impetus behind the report and why did the Palestinian Journalists Syndicate decide to release it now?

Shuruq As’ad: I want to start by saying that this is nothing new. It’s not like the occupation was very nice to journalists and then after October 7 they started being violent. What we are experiencing is a systematic attack that has been escalating year after year.

We decided to launch this particular report because for a long time, we were focused on documenting the journalists being killed. Then we started to notice an escalation in home invasions, in journalists being violently taken from their families and held in prisons without any rights, without any international condemnation, without any due process. We couldn’t even visit them. We didn’t know where they were.

We knocked on the doors of international human rights organizations, but they didn’t have any answers. So our colleagues were left alone to face this military rule, this administrative detention, which is illegal under international law. We felt that we had to shed light on what was happening, not just so people understand what’s going on but so we can stop this. We want journalists in Palestine to have the same protections as journalists anywhere else.

NYWC: The report emphasizes the occupation’s use of administrative detention to intimidate and silence the Palestinian press. Can you talk about what this tactic constitutes and why the PJS is focusing on it?

SA: Administrative detention is an emergency military law that was used by the British during the mandate period. When the Israeli occupation took root in Palestine, they inherited this law, which gives them the right to come into your home at any time, to drag you to prison without saying why, without taking you to court, and without telling you when this arrest will end. They can renew your detention every three or six months simply because there’s supposedly a secret security file on you.

Israel uses this law when it has no legal case against people it wants to arrest. If they don’t like what you write, if they feel you may be going to demonstrations, if they sense that you are educating your students about Palestine, they can put you behind bars. So many people in Palestinian society — parents, teachers, doctors, activists, journalists — are in prison. Of the more than 10,700 Palestinians arrested since October 7, about 8,800 of them are administrative detainees. It’s not a small number.

NYWC: Can you discuss the findings of the report. What did you learn

over the course of your interviews and research?

SA: The main finding is that Israel is waging a campaign of terror against Palestinian journalists. There is a sense that if a journalist simply does their job, they could pay a high price for it; they could be arrested, tortured. Every one getting out of Israeli prison is 20 pounds lighter, even after only a month behind bars. They get out and they say, “I survived.” All of them appear traumatized, full of fear.

The stories are terrifying. They hang you until you are suspended only a few inches from the floor. Or they put your head in a bag that smells like human feces for hours. They beat you continuously. We heard of women who got their periods and were denied pads. They were shut in cells and not allowed to shower for days, and if they did shower, it was only a few seconds under the water. We heard of women who weren’t allowed to change their clothes for six months. Then there’s the humiliations, situations where they would, for example, order people to get down on their knees and howl, or lick food off the floor and say they love Israel. Some people contracted illnesses, skin conditions that they can’t name. Of course, they’re not given medication or allowed visitation. There’s also rape in the prisons. It didn’t happen to any of our colleagues, but it happened to many people from Gaza, according to people we spoke with who spent time inside.

NYWC: How did you collect testimonies of the journalists who were imprisoned after October 7?

SA: Our members in Gaza collected testimonies from their colleagues who were released, and we heard from a lot of families — mothers and sisters and such — many of whom gave us testimonies of what they heard from their relatives who were released. And in the West Bank, we met up with the journalists who were released and collected their testimonies in person. We also collected data and information from the official prisoner agencies and organizations like the Palestinian Ministry of Detainees and Ex-Detainees Affairs and the Palestinian Prisoner’s Club. We also met up with lawyers. Some of them were afraid to talk as well because they could be prevented from visiting their clients. And the ones who were visiting were only doing so once a month, imagine that.

NYWC: What kind of response and support have you gotten from international organizations?

SA: Organizations like the Committee to Protect Journalists (CPJ), all they do is publish reports saying the Israelis arrested this many journalists and broke this many cameras. They publish report after report after report after report — and then? They want more documentation, ok, and then? How are we going to get journalists to work safely, to film safely?

We went to the Red Cross’ office in Ramallah after one of our colleagues, Ibrahim Muhareb, was hit by Israeli shrapnel in Khan Yunis and bled out for an entire day. The journalist he was with at the time called the Red Cross and asked them to come rescue him, but no one came and he died. When we asked the organization why they did not send anyone to save Ibrahim, or why they didn’t even issue a statement calling for his rescue or condemning his killing, they told us this is not their strategy, that they prefer to work through diplomacy. And I thought, ah, OK, if it was the war between Russia and Ukraine, then would it be your strategy? We didn’t even get a press release from the Red Cross.

NYWC: Whatever their strategy is, it does not appear to be doing anything.

SA: There needs to be a call from the UN and from all international humanitarian organizations to protect journalistic freedom in Palestine. We need to work together to apply real pressure on Israel, not just to put out press releases and documentation. Diplomats and foreign aid workers and NGOs need to take this documentation back to their governments and do lobbying,

do something. They have a role to play. In the end, we are just a local syndicate working under occupation. We do what we can, but we don’t have any kind of authority.

NYWC: We’ve heard about the conditions of journalists in Gaza reporting while displaced, while deprived of food and water, and in the aftermath of their loved ones’ martyrdoms. We know less about the conditions of reporters in the West Bank and East Jerusalem. Can you give us a sense of their experience on the job?

SA: My colleagues recently sent me a video, a snippet from Al Jazeera International. They were in Qabatiya, in a location far away from the action, far from the tanks and the military. The moment they came out of their cars — all of which were television production vans with TV stickers — and started putting on their vests, they immediately got showered with tear gas for absolutely no reason. Every time journalists have gone out to cover the Israeli raids on Jenin, Tulkarem, and Nablus, they have been chased by the occupation forces and, in some cases, injured.

Jerusalem is, of course, completely isolated. None of the reporters in the West Bank can get there. For us reporters from Jerusalem, when we go out, we’re faced with about 550 army checkpoints in addition to the wall. It should take half an hour for me to get from Ramallah to Jerusalem, but instead it takes three. And the moment you get to the front of the line and tell them you’re a journalist, they become aggressive. When they see you carrying a camera, showing your press cards, doing an interview, you’re opening yourself up to being attacked, not just by the army, but also by settlers.

So it’s really scary to go from place to place, and that is intentional. They want you to remain stuck in a small place, unable to leave and report elsewhere. They don’t want any narrative other than their own getting out.

NYWC: Despite all these risks, Palestinian journalists keep reporting. Can you explain the choice to carry on in spite of all the odds?

SA: I think about this question a lot. I can try to answer it from my own perspective. I covered invasions, I covered the [2006] war on the Lebanese border, and I kept functioning, even when we were besieged and scared, because in that situation you’re not just covering a story, you’re covering yourself. You’re covering your life, your country, your children, your friends, your hospitals, your schools, your streets, your future. It’s not just a story for you. And journalists in Gaza really feel like this is their role, like they have a responsibility to their people, especially because no one else is going to deliver the truth from Gaza. Some become frustrated because no matter how much they deliver, nothing changes, but they keep going because it gives them a little hope that they can contribute something.

For them, I think, it’s not just a job. They are witnesses more than they are reporters. They are witnesses to genocide, to massacres, to displacement. And they witness all this while they themselves are displaced. Some days, I think that if they stop reporting, they will be too devastated. It keeps them going. Yesterday I was telling a journalist I am working with, “Sorry, I know that you were just displaced from your tent, so if you don’t have time to do this today, don’t worry about it.” And she told me “no, it’s the opposite. When I work, I feel like I’m getting out of the catastrophic conditions that I’m in. Instead of feeling like there’s no meaning, I have a purpose. When I do nothing, I just sit around and think about death and loss. I feel devastated.”

I believe that they have taught a lot, the journalists of Gaza. We learned from them how to be really dedicated to what we do, how to work in the midst of a crisis, a crisis that we are a part of, a crisis in which we are an even bigger target than the people around us. They go through so much to capture a photo; They work so hard to find a little food, and then they give it to their families. Imagine, without these local journalists, we would have never known what happened in Gaza. Their patience is unbelievable. Each one of them is a story. Each one of them is a story.



Al Jazeera correspondent Wael Al-Dahdouh at funeral of his 27-year-old son Hamza, January 8, 2024.



Al Jazeera correspondent Wael Al-Dahdouh at funeral of his 27-year-old son Hamza, January 8, 2024.



Journalists in Gaza at the funeral of martyred journalist Ismail Al-Ghoul, July 31, 2024.

ISMAIL AL-GHOUL’S FAREWELL — JUNE 22, 2024

دعني أخبرك يا صديقي، بأنني أصبحت لا أعرف طعم
النوم، جثامين الأطفال والأشلاء وصور الدماء تكاد لا
تفارق عيني، صرخات الأمهات وبكاء الرجال وقهرهم لا
تغيب عن مسامعي.

لا استطيع تجاوز صوت الأطفال من أسفل الركام، غير
قادر على نسيان صوت الطفلة الذي يتردد في كل لحظة
وصار مثل الكايوس.

الأمر بات مرعباً أن تقف أمام الجثامين الملقاة والعالقة
والممتدة والمتكدسة، ومرعباً أكثر حينما تمر من الأحياء
الذين يصارعون الموت تحت منازلهم ولا يجدون سبيلا
للخروج والنجاة.

لقد تعبت يا صديقي..

Let me tell you, my friend, that I no longer
know the taste of sleep. The corpses of children,
dismembered body parts, and images of blood
do not leave my vision. The screams of mothers,
the weeping of men, the sound of their agony is
always ringing in my ears.

I can’t get over the sound of children’s voices
beneath the rubble. I am unable to forget the
little girl’s cries that echo every moment, and
have become like a nightmare.

It is terrifying to stand in front of the scattered
bodies — mangled, sprawled out, and piled up
— and it is even more terrifying to pass by the
living who are fighting for their lives underneath
their homes, yet cannot find a way to escape and
survive.

I’m tired, my friend..



Martyred journalist Ismail Al-Ghoul in Al-Shujaiya, Gaza, July 24, 2024. (Photographed by martyred photojournalist Rami Al-Rifi.)

Proof of Existence

Looking at handwritten letters from Gaza

Can the occupied speak? We explore them to. Their voices amplified and transcribed into palatable script, victorious ululations met with raised eyebrows. Let them speak, the prefixed molds are ready to receive them, somewhere between steadfastness and despair, we will find a noun that fits.

The intellectuals, or the pretenders who assign themselves as such, are saying that it is our duty to witness this horror. They instruct me to pry my eyes open until they are dry. 'The least we can do is witness.' But what is a witness when duty is withheld? I feel less like a witness and more like a spectator. The pretenders don't want to hear it, they dislike the optics of this term. A witness sounds less passive. But I am a very good spectator, I can read the writing on the wall.

I pore over pixelated images and videos from Gaza. I look for the handwritten letters on the wall, the shroud, the soil, the flesh. I copy them down diligently, tracing the curve of the letters, adding the dots and the lines, stealing poetry, using it as a burden of proof. There is no room for metaphors here, even the written word is dispossessed. Fragments torn apart by fissures, words the size of stones. Small enough to carry, large enough to wound.

In the early moments of freedom, the wall of a liberated enemy den reads *Abu Anas was here*. A simple sentence: the subject *Abu Anas*, the verb *was*, the laden adverb *here*. *Here*, in this location, on this land, decades of longing and fighting summarized, *here*. The declaration does not search for an addressee, the pen is held to the wall as evidence, proof of the Palestinian that was here and the Palestinian who returned, and will return again.

In Gaza, the demolished walls become gravestones, proof of those who were once *here*. Some still, not in spirit but in body, stuck under *here*. *Here*, in the rubble of a home, a small text, written with red paint, names the bodies yet to be retrieved. The text reads: *Under this wreckage lies the martyr Ahmad Al Safadi and his mother, his wife, and his children*. On another wall, handwritten in fury, Omar, Abdullah, and Masa are pronounced "the children martyrs...still under the rubble. May Allah bless their poor souls." On

a different wall: *My mother, you are the most beautiful martyr, how will the pain be lulled to sleep?... We will meet in heaven*. A writer asks the spectator, on another bombed home: *Where is my home? Where is my mother? Where is my father? Where is my sister? Where is my brother? Where are my loved ones? Where is humanity?* The question runs out of wall space, leaving no room left for an answer.

It is not always that the writing addresses the spectator. Sometimes, it feels like I am prying, probing the small Arabic letters that evade the subtitles. On a hospital floor, Jihad Kafarnah embraces the limp body of his infant daughter in one hand. In the other, he writes on the shroud of his martyred wife. His red fingerprints stain the pure white canvas, like poppies in a field of snow. *Tasneem Mahmoud*, he writes, *my heart, my pulse, my moon, my life*. He writes, *I love you, my world*. I transpose the text to a screen, to a cloud, another love letter flattened into post-humous lamentation.

The children are learning to write from each other, on each other, their handwriting is still clumsy, hesitant. Ballpoint ink on baby skin. They learn to write each other's names, labeling their limbs one by one. They reckon with premature death as something that is inevitable, always drawing closer. But in this image, the writing serves a practical purpose: to make it easier for their mothers to identify them, and easier for the doctors to piece their remains back together.

In another image, a large white shroud reads, in red marker: *The ash-laa' of Al-Badrasavi family*. I copy the text. I try to translate the word *ash-laa'*. I want, so desperately, to do them justice. But there is no word in English that recognizes this kind of violence. Often, I find *ash-laa'* translated as *remains*. Sometimes, as *body parts*. In Arabic, the word *ash-laa'* connotes death, dismemberment, mutilation, incineration, body parts dispersed, remains yet to be found... someone's heart, pulse, moon, life, world. Something horrible happened, someone did this. In English there is no act, no doer, only what remains.

Although I am a good spectator, I am always too late. The words only reach

me in the aftermath of the catastrophe. I zoom in on an image from a hospital. The handwriting on the back of an infant reads, *Unknown*. In the corner, a mother labels her twins, *Sham and Jamal*, preparing their small bodies for the funeral prayer. Later, in a video from the NICU, I see a wounded baby lying next to a makeshift label, *The parents are martyrs*. The baby is oblivious to the death certificate fixed to the incubator. I don't know who will tell them.

The images from Gaza City are full of handmade gravestones, propped up with rubble and concrete blocks, colored pens on cardboard boxes. *Unknown martyr, black jacket*, one of them reads. On another, *Unknown martyr, essentially decaying ash-laa', wearing a tracksuit and an olive green jacket*. I copy it down, I add him to the list of unknowns. I wonder if anyone is looking for him. They must be. I wonder if God will excuse the burial, if he will be welcomed into paradise in the olive green jacket.

Atop a nameless grave, a piece of paper is held down by a stone. There's a small doodle in the margin, the handwriting is young and confused. The letter reads: *No life after you, apple of my eye. You were more precious than the entire world to me. I file it under 'stolen eulogies'. I will never forget you, to the most precious and caring father in the world. Goodbye, may a thousand blessings befall your soul, love of my heart*.

After the siege of Al-Shifa Hospital, the cameras discover a wall of farewell letters, inviting us to look. The martyrs write their prayers to God and their mothers, one after the other.

O' Allah, O' mother, I am so exhausted. Mother, I miss you. May Allah will it that I will see you soon.

O' mother, I long for you to wipe away the tears gathering on my cheeks. We accept what Allah has decreed for us, and we will not despair.

If the pain I'm feeling befalls a mountain, I swear, it would crumble. Allah, have mercy on your worshippers.

Dr. Mahmoud Abu Nujaila writes on the whiteboard at Al-Awda Hospital in

a blue marker. It was a month before his murder, before the airstrike on the hospital. *Whoever stays until the end will tell the story*. He writes, to himself and to us, *We did what we could. Remember us*.

When the walls are all but broken by the enemy, the writing moves to the tents. The messages are internal, tent-to-tent, displaced to displaced, but still visible to dedicated spectators. On a canvas in Rafah, in red ink: *Entry is prohibited, especially for men. For the sake of the family*. I wonder, as I copy it down, if anyone has written about the right to privacy in a displacement camp. On tent number 25, the handwriting says: *I crave return, I don't know where to!! We have no house and no land and no city*. Another tent reminds the onlookers:

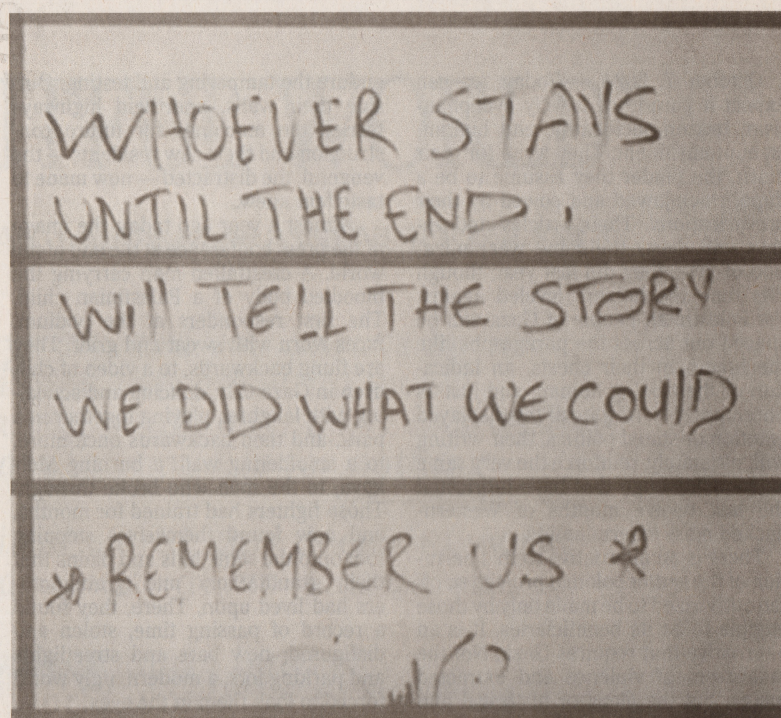
*By Allah, we would not leave unless forced to leave
We left, O' Gaza
But she did not leave us
We will carry her wherever we go
In the hope of return and victory*

I flatten the fabric to a screen, I file it under 'poetry.'

The writing on the wall keeps track of time, a time measured in massacres, a history indifferent to the headlines. In Al-Daraj neighborhood, red graffiti marks the spot: *Here lies a massacre*. Below it, a list of ten names in both Arabic and English. Let the spectators read the writing on the rubble. On the ruins of a bombed home, in blue paint, a statement in English: *All this family killed by USA weapons*. Let the Americans see what they have done.

In a world without tents, the intellectuals, or the pretenders who assign themselves as such, are saying that their words are in danger. They talk of repression and suppression, underlining which words are allowed and which sentences are forbidden. Have they not seen the words that the bombs seek to obscure? Can they not read the writing on the wall? Perhaps the shaky script of marker and paint is not so legible from high above. I copy it all down and bring it to their doorstep like a dead bird in my mouth. Look, here it is. Words! Don't you love words! Evidence! Don't you love evidence! Here is the evidence of those who lived and died. It's your turn to remember.

An image of children playing in the alleyway in Jabalia. They stand in front of a wall that is still intact. Red spray paint in Arabic letters reads: *I am the next martyr*.



Message from Dr. Mahmoud Abu Nujaila at Al-Awda Hospital, Gaza, October 20, 2023.



The same message after the bombing of Al-Awda Hospital that killed Dr. Mahmoud Abu Nujaila, November 21, 2023.

AL-AHLI HOSPITAL PRESS CONFERENCE — OCTOBER 17, 2023



"This morning, when I drove into the hospital, I noted how full the hospital courtyard was with families who had sought refuge inside the hospital, thinking that it would be a safe haven. It's these very same families who are now either dead or critically wounded as a result of this attack. This is a war crime that the world has seen coming. Israel has been warning the entire world that it was going to attack Palestinian hospitals and it did exactly that. Every Western politician who has declared unconditional support for Israel's war effort on the Palestinian people has the blood of these children on their hands. That unconditional support is what led us to this massacre. The impunity that Israel believes it has from its Western allies is what led to this massacre. No other country feels the impunity to target hospitals and get away with it. What happened today is a war crime, and if the Israelis get away with it again, then more war crimes will be committed, and more hospitals will be targeted."

One Year

By
THE PALESTINIAN YOUTH MOVEMENT

October 7, 2024 — Today, we can expect a parade of treachery, sycophantism, blatant sociopathy, and humanist admonishment. They write for their mark, the reader they assume to be a dupe, slack-jawed and cowed by their prevarications. Their articles and essays will decry the same weaponization of grief they did last year, though this time the horrors leveled against the Palestinian people of Gaza will be spaced out across the paragraphs like the breath in their chests, an indication of their being human, and just as unremarkable. In spite of the displayed emotion or stated politics, their writing will, ultimately, reinforce the very same logics of revenge that have lubricated the last twelve months of Western-backed mass extermination.

There is an alternative to this narration of the settler colonial project, so often authorized to be made only by those eligible to be its beneficiaries. It is an alternative that requires Gaza. Not the maelstrom of violence and extracted image, but the Gaza of historical and geographic specificity, the Gaza where two million people lived engaged for almost two decades, habitually starved, poisoned, and bombed from the sky. The Gaza of October 6. Virtually every tactic to destroy and demoralize that Zionism has employed since Tufan Al-Aqsa can be traced across our history: concentration camps, mutilation of children, starvation, collective punishment, torture. This was the status quo October 7 tore apart.

That day, a prison break. Displaced from their towns and villages all across Palestine during the Nakba of 1947–1949, the people of the land held on to the promise of return, the commitment that has animated each new generation penned in by the forces of Zionism, Western imperialism, and Arab reaction. Over seven decades, they had been ethnically cleansed from their homes, pushed into a small strip of land that built upwards, forced to

endure the tampering and testing. Outside their walls, apartheid highways ferried the machines for future construction and their new residents — the vengeful, the distracted — now made to taste fear anew.

Almost a year ago today, the image of the press conference at the end of the world. A crestfallen man carrying the bloodied body of a Palestinian child. The first responders at the podium, faces worn with sweat and grief. They are flung backwards, to a video of children in Gaza City, dancing and squealing with laughter, playing together in a park, and then backwards once more, to a smoldering wall, a burning Mer-kava, to the men who broke through. Those fighters had trained for months, and now found themselves stepping foot onto the same hills and plains that their grandfathers and grandmothers had lived upon. There, they found a record of passing time, stolen and disfigured; new bars and streetlights and parking lots, a modern, ugly world forced to look them in the eyes.

In the capitals of the modern, ugly world, some have watched these displays with dispassion, quickly processing the news in order to identify the precise calculus required of them in this moment: the appropriate choices of words that will inoculate them from consequences and guarantee their trajectories. Those men or women went home to their children yesterday evening, content in having chosen the most effective mass lie for ours; image and word flowing from Gaza's corpses to air-conditioned rooms to the television screens of America. The lies this year have not, in fact, been qualitatively different from any of the other lies, about Palestine or Iraq or Lebanon or otherwise: a thousand Arab martyrs, ten thousand Arab martyrs, hundreds of thousands maimed and disabled Arabs, the only thing to be done here is to refuse and to be blamed for your refusal, for we have precious small time

to allow someone else to stand on our path and smile their jackal smile.

The man who mourns the settler mourns only the end of his normalcy. The man who yells into a flood urging calm, must in fact be believed on his own terms. He shows us what he longs for, what he desires, all his grasping attempts at providing language for the movement of nothing for no one. Allowed us instead to believe the disposed on their own terms. They do not mourn, they cannot. Those who mourn for all people are above them. Our system of settler morality says so, it reflects its piousness back at us, insisting we self-consciously calibrate to march in lockstep with its dictates. Some will follow this bargain to the end, but others will slide off the sides, because of the force of their rejection or because they sought shelter from the pain of this world.

In Gaza, almost every place has been scarred by Zionist aggression. Entire neighborhoods have been destroyed; and half of our people huddle in makeshift tent camps around Heir Al-Balah. Jewish-American teenagers fly out to join an occupation army that shoots children in the head, wears displaced women's clothing, and records videos of themselves detonating mosques. Mass death whose aim is depopulation and ethnic cleansing, we will not be desensitized by it: the Flour Massacre, Mawasi, Al-Shifa, Jabalia, a regime built on massacre returning to its founding strategy. In the West Bank, Jenin and Tulkarm and Nablus have weathered an immense storm that sought to destroy the spirit of a resistance that will not relent to any enemy.

And the Lebanese people, whose fight to stop the genocide has brought on invasion by the united forces of late empire—their communiques about the martyrs of the South still begin with Gaza.

It will take decades to understand the scale of the violence Palestinians have endured this year. The grief across the Arab world is unfathomable. Our children are not numbers. They are among the two million forgotten by a world willed to forget: Why had this been allowed to happen, why had it been made to seem normal? In each of us there is now a black hole of loss. Those who have confronted such loss in their lifetimes — dead mothers, imprisoned fathers, cancer, suicide, addiction — understood this intimately last fall. You could feel the change in their bodies; certain doors, when opened, will not shut. The old mystification was shorn not by the images of death and privation, but by insistence. Witness was insufficient; what changed us was collective work guided by the most surprising reminder that some people will not bow.

These twelve months have shown us what a life's commitment can look like.

In this sense, we owe much of the development of the movement to October 7; so too, the fledgling Western left. It would be easy to become complacent or disillusioned by what has followed, but we have obligations to the martyrs, to the prisoners, and to all who fight to end this. Here, hundreds of thousands have been mobilized, joined new organizations, confronted the campus and the state. They have Gaza to thank for this, but it is not enough. Israel is the model for a global future, of fully-realized 21st century fascist nations. Its blueprint is the reinforcing duality with the American security state: the same technologies, strategies, and rationalizations will be brought to bear on coming waves of climate refugees and the lumpen proletariat who will strain the edges of the prison or ghetto. The consolidation of the means of mass death production in the hands of the ruling class and their media accomplices is a convalescent prologue to the coming decades of catastrophe.

This is a normalcy that should not be normal, and each of our martyrs fought to end it. They are dead now, did all they could. But it remains that each of their circumstances was a failure. Theirs is a fractured world, full of unfulfilled promises. No youth should know the violence that these ones know. They are up against everything: a sprawling imperial system that views

them as disposable. They see their uncles taken captive for years, returning home to decades gone by. They see a world which, more than just forgetting them, cheers on their dispossession. Some turn to abnegation and seriousness in an attempt to restore their dignity, disavowing fleshy desire and parts of what is human. They pick up a video camera or a stretcher or a textbook or a gun and they begin to train, harnessing the fundamental desire for something different into a lifelong struggle.

Our martyr Basel Al-Araj wrote of

the unabating wonder and silly smile he experienced whenever the rain fell. For those of us who have spent years facing off against the darkness, these twelve months have shown us who can be counted upon in the ongoing crisis. These twelve months have shown us what a life's commitment can look like. Zionism thinks it has broken our spirits, but all we see around us are people who will fight forever.



Pro-Palestine protest in New York City.

“Death is in us, but fear is in you.”
—Tameem al-Barghouti, “Sixty Years,” (2008)



Palestinians in Gaza celebrating in an enemy tank, October 7, 2024.

NO DREAMS BEYOND REALITY Liberation is the precondition of our struggle

Total Liberation

In a 1957 essay in *El Moudjahid*, the newspaper for the National Liberation Front of Algeria (FLN), Frantz Fanon reminds us with characteristic militancy that liberation is the precondition of our struggle. He writes in response to critics of the FLN — whom, he says, insist on “reason” and negotiations as a “strategic” starting point. To this supposedly strategic negotiation, he responds that “abandoning the preconditions and the goals of our struggle are one and the same thing.” He continues, “The FLN will not betray the trust of the Algerian people in order to conform with some good will disconnected with the horrendous real that is the martyrdom of our homeland [...] nothing solid or constructive can be elaborated on lies and duplicity.”

Ghassan Kanafani, spokesperson for the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP), embodied militant refusal to cede this demand and militant affirmation of liberation as the precondition of struggle in a now-celebrated 1970 interview with Richard Carleton in Beirut. When asked why he doesn't engage in “peace” talks, Kanafani clarifies, “You don't mean exactly ‘peace talks’. You mean capitulation. Surrendering.”

Like “strategic” negotiation, such talks are “a conversation between the sword and the neck.” As Carleton's questions show he is stuck in settler colonialism's warped reality, unable to comprehend such refusals, Kanafani echoes Fanon's militant affirmation of liberation as the precondition of struggle: “To us, to liberate our country, to have dignity, to have respect, to have our mere human rights is something as essential as life itself.”

The interview is especially important to study at this moment. It teaches one how to enact militant refusal by disrupting the imperious intrusion of what, in *The Wretched of the Earth*, Fanon names the *psycho-affective*. If we take Fanon seriously, we must attune to the *psycho-political-affective*. We become conscious of the feelings and ways in which dominant settler-colonial reality activates our psychic world along well-worn affective planes and circuits. The *psycho-political-affective* actuates as

sociative processes. It signals who we are to fear and why (resistance fighters in sneakers vs. armored genocidal soldiers). The *psycho-political-affective* may be an associative process that ameliorates the liberal promises of “the most lethal military in the world” with a pollyannaish call for a “ceasefire.”

Locating ourselves at an uncompromising baseline of the total liberation of Palestine “grounds us,” as Walter Rodney has said, while disrupting attempts to decenter our struggle — politically and psychically — from that baseline. Militant clarity shores up militant refusal, staying off the confusion that is both the intention and consequence of genocide. *Nothing solid or constructive can be elaborated on lies and duplicity.* As we mark the one-year anniversary of October 7 and, more importantly, as we understand October 7 within the larger political machinery of Zionist settler colonialism, militant clarity and refusal are not abstract or rhetorical. They emerge from the materiality of the suffering inflicted upon the Palestinian people. A nine-meter-deep crater in the sand where dozens of tents filled with families were vaporized in Mawasi Khan Younis concretizes this clarity and inscribes it in the soil. No unfolding of linguistic, diplomatic, or journalistic subterfuge can occlude the clarity of these material realities. Every massacre, every gaping crater, every parent holding the limbs of their dismembered child, every horror bequeaths us militant clarity and demands of us militant refusal. They demand an unbending, unrelenting psychic steadfastness, that is unwilling to budge to the coercive pressures of settler colonial reality-bending, from the settler colony of the USA to its proxy, the Zionist entity.

The Psycho-Political-Affective of Zionism

Ideological positions like Zionism animate a *psycho-political-affective* response, especially among those who view themselves as liberals. Zionism demobilizes empathy for suffering Palestinians and their desire for liberation by inverting the killer and the victim, the powerful and the powerless, the settler and the native. Militant clarity disrupts the naturalization of such iden-

tifications with the oppressor, to play off Sándor Ferenczi's notion of identification with the aggressor. Reading the *psycho-political-affective* allows us to retain militant clarity on the process of

tion. Their clarity invites us to psychically divest. Psychic divestment includes shedding our own conscious and, more importantly, unconscious investments in notions of civility, politesse, or social-

ceeds.” This divestment means we must practice how to be what Saketopoulou terms exigent sadists — militants who do not bend to the coerciveness of individualized repair; to the draws of liberal invitations for dialogue with oppressors and genocidaires. Psychic divestment grounds us in the starting point for clarity. Recalibrating this starting point and disrupting the normativity of *psycho-political-affective* violence ensures that we remain grounded in, rather than perpetually deflected from, the precondition: total liberation.

Learning to read, identify, and detect the *psycho-political-affective* with the precision of militant clarity, after a year of unadulterated genocide is a crucial skill that must be practiced in a move to internalization. In this decisive moment of liberal enticements and global capital's restabilization, it becomes essential to maintain militant clarity and (re)ground ourselves in this skill as a starting point of militant refusal in order to affirm our commitment to the liberation of Palestine, from the River to the Sea.

The Precondition of Struggle

Psychically grounding ourselves in the material realities of Palestine, most immediately the ongoing genocide and assassinations, torture, and destruction across all of Palestine, compels an unrelenting return to the precondition of struggle. The repetition of scenes of slaughter, gender-based sexual violence, environmental destruction, and mass dispossession demand the repeated necessity to remain aligned not in Melanie Klein's “depressive position” but in a militant position. That is, a militant position grounded in material reality shores up our psyche against the pressures to bend to the distortion of reality, the enticing conscriptions of normalcy, or the “innocence” and promises of dialogue. After a year of fatigue and anguish experiencing (and witnessing) a relentless genocide, we are suggesting that grounding ourselves in, rather than turning away from, the material realities of Palestine is an essential skill in maintaining clarity and disrupting settler colonial reality bending. Settler colonial reality bending inverts material reality, the mechanics of which can be mobilized through psychic inversions:



I'm Still Alive (2024) by Maisara Baroud.

actuating this goal rather than the content through which it is enacted.

Revisiting both Fanon and Kanafani's words provides us with exemplary modeling of militant refusal of *psycho-political-affective* intrusiveness of settler colonialism that can come to confuse a call for ceasefire with a call for libera-

tion that are constitutively invested in *psycho-political-affective* violence and otherwise disguised as normative, even liberal, values and rationality. Divestment involves staging, as psychoanalyst Avgi Saketopoulou writes, “an encounter that stands to rearrange the terms by which the relationship pro-

the settler becomes native while the oppressor with 2000-pound bombs transfigures into victim.

We must affirm that abandoning the precondition, including psychically, “is where the problem starts” as Kanafani boldly asserts in response to Carleton's imperious linguistic gymnastics. To refuse the psychic framing on which settler colonial reality bending relies is not a pedantic practice or a contrarian, idealist, utopian, or delusional response. Psychically, affectively, materially, and politically, the murderous repetition-compulsion of settler state violence compels us to repeatedly return to the position of militant refusal as militant affirmation, an affirmation to own commitments to the precondition.

This practice should not be mistaken for a rehearsal but rather a pointed psychic exercise that is intended to keep us aligned in our imperative of militant refusal and militant affirmation. Said differently, the grinding, demoralizing, and horrifying daily realities of the Palestinian people, whether in Gaza, Occupied Jerusalem, the West Bank, or inside the 1948 borders of the Zionist entity, should not affectively and psychically coerce us to seek resolution through conspiring with those who seek to bend reality. Rather this repetition returns us to the starting point, to the daily commitment to replenish the psychic, affective, and even social armor needed to thwart the disciplinary and enticing seductions that detract from Palestinian liberation. That is, if we begin with a recognition that the purpose of settler colonial reality bending is to deflect, disavow, psychically invert, and disorient, then our starting point, not response, must be to disrupt and recenter. Militant refusal and affirmation are the psychic and affective processes that loyally reorient us to Palestine and the surety of liberation. We begin with a recognition that the purpose of settler colonial reality bending is to deflect, disavow, psychically invert, and disorient, then our starting point and not response must be to disrupt and recenter. Militant refusal and affirmation are the psychic and affective processes that loyally reorient us to Palestine and the surety of liberation.

Abdul Latif Writes from Her Tent on Gaza Beach

Continued from page 1

The bombing continued there as well, dispelling any notion of "safe areas" from the very first hours, and horrific events continued to emerge from Gaza City. The Al-Shati Camp was indeed invaded, my family was besieged with communication cut off, and I was left without a sister to comfort me or a mother to embrace me. I began to isolate myself from those around me, seeking escape through sleep, but my children needed me, and that was the only motivation pushing me through my sorrow.

The number of displaced people in the house where I took refuge increased, with about thirty families crowded into one building. The siege intensified; bakeries stopped working, and we women had to prepare bread and food in limited rations. Even drinking water had to be rationed. With the power outage, we resorted to hand washing like our grandmothers. To make matters worse, the cooking gas was cut off, so we had to bake and cook using wood. Lighting a fire was a miracle accompanied by many challenges. With no refrigerator, preserving food or excess bread was nearly impossible. I recall having to scrape mold off a loaf of bread and eat it, as there was no alternative! As supplies dwindled, including sugar, yeast, vegetables, and fruits, I was left to find ingredients from nothing. My children longed for the simplest fresh foods, but all we had were canned goods.

In displacement, there was also no privacy. Almost every five families lived in an apartment separated only by curtains. It was challenging, especially for women, to use the bathroom or shower at will. On top of that, there was a shortage of water in the tanks, requiring us to wait for hours in long lines to fill our containers and then transport them and ration the supply for the entire day.

From Teacher to Multi-Tasker

Gradually, I turned from a teacher of hundreds of young students into a mother fully dedicated to the tasks of displacement. My days were filled with preparing bread in the morning, providing water, lighting the fire to cook,

washing dishes, laundering clothes, and soothing my children's fears whenever we heard bombings or distressing news. All the while, I followed the daily news of my city's destruction receiving no updates about my family. I told my children fantasy stories to help them sleep while watching all of Gaza burn on the TV screen in the home of my displaced neighbors.

When winter arrived, the harsh conditions worsened. I began washing clothes in cold water, which caused my hands to crack. I heated water over the fire so we could shower. We lived in a room with glassless windows that had been shattered in the bombing of a nearby house. I spent winter nights sleeping on a mattress on the cold floor, hugging my little ones just to gain some warmth and a sense of security amidst the horror. I was grateful that we were lucky enough not to be among those displaced in tents or makeshift shelters.

To complicate matters further, infectious diseases began to spread, so I also became a doctor and nurse, avoiding nearby clinics out of fear of infection. As the genocide dragged on, I chose to return to my original profession by teaching my children and other displaced kids what they had missed from their school year.

What Remained of Me

As Gaza lost its landmarks, I, along with many other women, lost my sense of self. The horrors we endured took a visible toll on our bodies, health, and mental well-being. On the night of my sister's death, my black hair turned gray almost overnight and then began to fall out gradually. My friends in the north had to cut their long hair due to the lack of water and as a last-ditch effort to combat lice.

Exhausted from malnutrition and the grueling demands of daily life, I rarely had time to look at myself in the cracked mirror in the home where I was displaced. I wore clothes that no longer felt like mine and lived a life I was unaccustomed to. There was no time for the luxury of self-care. I won't attempt to describe the back pain, the irregularity of my menstrual cycle, my constant insomnia, or the fear of all the possible scenarios of my death and that of my family. I would wait for the evening to cry, and when I thought I was

alone in my sorrow, I would hear muffled sobs from a nearby displacement room. I wondered: How does my sadness over the martyrdom of one sister compare to the loss of an entire family? How does the grief of a widow who lost her husband compare to the sorrow of a daughter of martyrs? Is it more painful to lose loved ones whose martyrdom we are certain of, or is it worse to endure the uncertainty of loved ones who disappeared without a trace?

In the morning, I wiped away my tears and returned to the harsh reality of survival.

Nothing Like a Tent

After long months of anticipation, the invasion of Rafah began. Until that moment, I had managed to exist outside of a triangle defined by the occupation: the tent, the prison, and the grave. But there was no escaping it any longer.

We were forced to buy a tent, which was supposed to be free, but we ended up paying the equivalent of \$700 for it. The advertisement claimed that it was a Norwegian tent, but after setting it up, I discovered that the Norwegian government had relied on German aid to provide it. And just like that, the German flag hanging over the tent seemed to mock me every time I lit a fire, cried out in frustration, or when life became increasingly difficult.

During the summer, the tent was a miniature hell, the heat of the day unbearable. We only had access to salty water, which ruined everything—our bodies and skin, which peeled from bathing and washing in it, and our dishes and clothes, which were coated in salt. Everything tasted salty, and even clean clothes looked worn out.

Gas was scarce, forcing us to light a fire to cook and heat water. Anyone who has tried lighting a fire on a summer afternoon by the sea will understand that it is a grueling task, but we did it daily for the sake of a meal! Every day, the heat burned our fingertips, we choked on the smell of burning wood, and our eyes watered from the smoke. The dishes were coated in black dust, making them difficult to handle or clean. It became normal for sand to blow into our food, and we would chew and swallow it just as we swallowed our daily oppression.

At night, the tent became a freezing

hell, exposing us to cold air that made children sick, and by the morning, we would find ourselves drenched in sweat from the sun beating down on us.

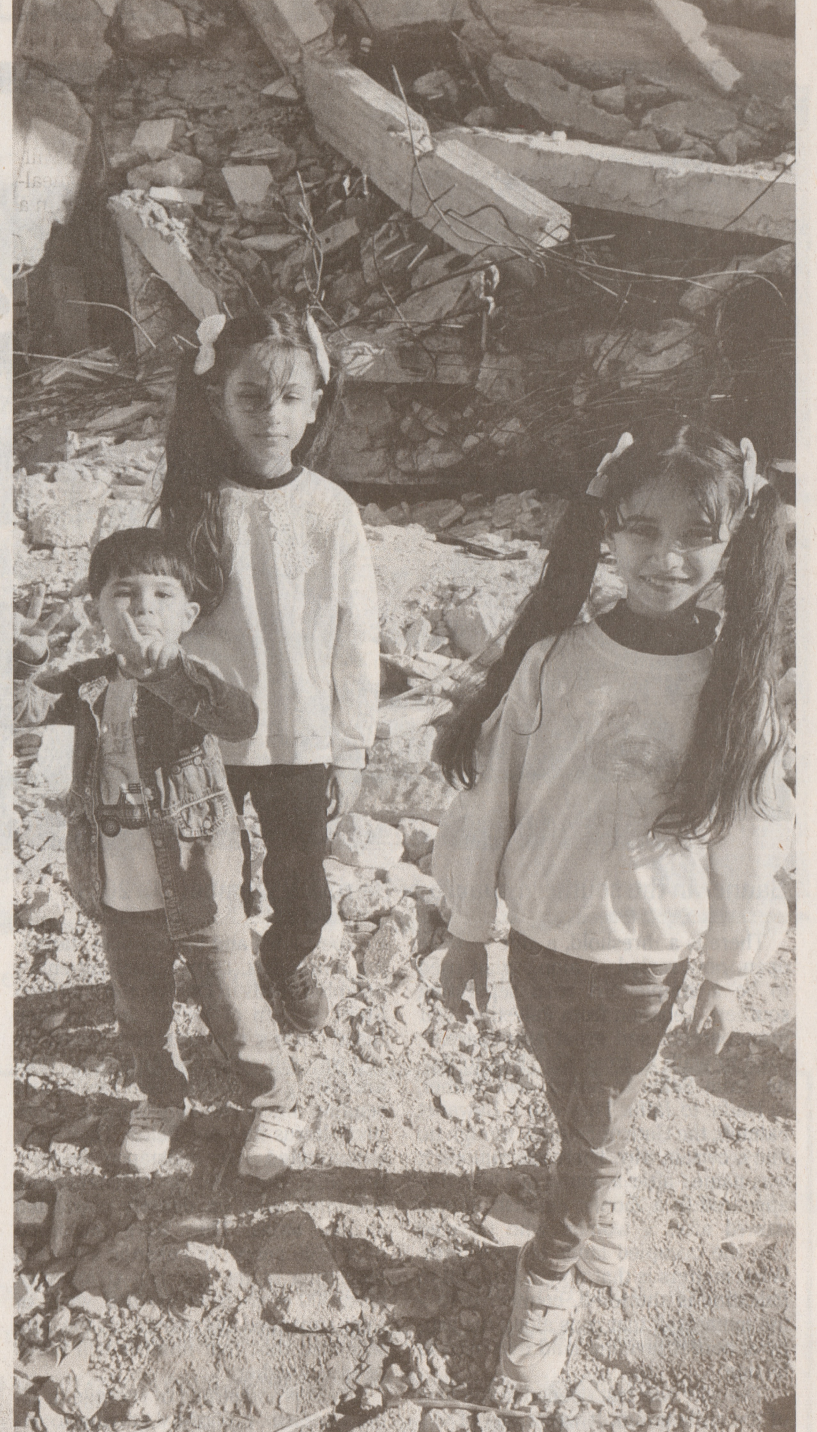
And then what? Each day repeats itself like the last and the next. What's next? We hear news of a potential deal, a distant dream, and neither fully believe nor entirely dismiss it. For me, there is no truce more important than my truce with the flies before bed, and no deal more crucial than securing fresh water for the tank in the morning.

Under the dim light of a lamp, I gaze at the faces of my sleeping children and wonder why this world still hesitates to end the genocide. What does the world want from the children of Gaza after witnessing their limbs and living flesh torn apart? After seeing how the sick among them were abandoned in hospitals to die of hunger and fear? After observing the premature babies besieged as if they were the strongest men? After knowing that fetuses were killed in their mothers' wombs without mercy?

What Next?

For a moment, life in the tent nearly defeated me until one day when I went to the market to buy vegetables. The crowds were overwhelming, and everything around me felt gray and dreary until I spotted her: a woman like me, her face sunburned, suggesting that she, too, was displaced in a tent. She cradled a jasmine seedling as if it were a beloved child, carrying it back to her tent to plant at her door. Hope filled my heart, pushing away the loneliness, and I suddenly resolved to confront the harshness of the tent.

I began kneading fresh, clean bread every morning — despite the flies! I washed clothes and hung them out in the sun, taking pride in their cleanliness. I cooked meals with love, despite the bitterness in my heart. I taught my children basic life skills and answered all their questions. I prepared a cup of instant coffee over firewood and drank it by the beach at the door of my tent, just like all the women in the world. I did not care, for I knew that all of this would pass one day, and that Gaza will remain, we will remain, and I will remain!



The author's children in Gaza, courtesy of Nour Abdul Latif.

CHILDREN'S PRESS CONFERENCE — NOVEMBER 7, 2023

"We want to live as the other children live."



"Since the 7th of October, we've faced extermination, killing, bombing falling over our heads. All of this in front of the world. They lie to the world that they kill the fighters but they kill the people of Gaza, their dreams and their future. Kids of Gaza run out of their hopes and wants. We come to Al-Shifa Hospital to keep us from bombing. We suddenly run out of death more, after bombing the hospital. The occupation is starving us. We don't find water, food, and we drink from the unusable water. We come now to shout and invite you to protect us. We want to live, we want peace, we want to judge the killers of children. We want medicine, food, and education, and we want to live as the other children live."

The Sun Rises from the South

“Kill us under every brick and stone...
We will not abandon Palestine.”



Banner in the southern suburb of Beirut, September 20, 2024.

There is a threshold, a gate — once open, now sealed — along what used to be a simple dirt road separating southern Lebanon from Palestine. Our grandparents and great grandparents used to walk it, from Kfar Kila to Salha, from Salha to Safad, and further, to Haifa, to Jaffa. They call it Bawabet Fatme, the Gate of Fatme, though no one is certain why. There are rumors: It was named after a young girl who disappeared in a Zionist ambush; It was named after a woman who traveled into the occupied lands to give birth. What matters is that now this portal to Palestine is shuttered, connected to a tall metal wall that runs along the artificial border dividing land that used to be one.

The gate was last opened at the turn of the millennium. It was a day of victory, when the Lebanese resistance pushed the Zionist forces and their co-conspirators out of the land they had occupied for 18 years. They fled hurriedly, leaving behind unused artillery, abandoned villas, and deserted cars along the roadsides, their keys still in the ignitions. The images from that day return to us every 25th of May: young boys waving flags atop armored tanks; a father and son, their backs to the camera, running toward the gate of the notorious Khiam prison to greet the liberated captives; a hand-drawn poster held up before a barbed-wire fence that reads “Today Lebanon, Tomorrow Palestine.”

Though the occupation ended in 2000, the war has not. In southern Lebanon, war is a pulse that quickens and slows but never dies. We are raised to know our enemy, to carry the Palestinian cause as our own, and to understand that until Zionism is defeated, none of our people can be free.

After Hamas launched operation Al-Aqsa Flood last October, the Islamic Resistance in Lebanon opened a support front in the north of occupied Palestine targeting Zionist military infrastructure. Their aim was to drain the occupation army's resources to limit their capacity to wage war on Gaza. This was enacted through an equation of deterrence: limited strikes on IOF targets across a belt of land that would require (1) the evacuation of northern settlements and (2) the deployment of a large number of troops to the Galilee. Hezbollah clearly stated that its front would continue to fire until Israel stopped committing genocide in Gaza.

The emptying of its northern settlements presented an existential threat to the Zionist entity. At the dawn of the occupation, the Zionists struggled to Judaize northern Palestine, given its distance from more densely populated urban centers. They finally managed to establish settler outposts in the Galilee after a decades-long campaign of terror against Arabs who remained or returned to their lands after 1948. The same was true for the “Gaza envelope,” the seven-kilometer buffer zone around the Gaza Strip that Hamas attacked last year. Today, the only settlers left in northern Israel and on the outskirts of the besieged strip are deployed soldiers; the rest are living in hotels in “Tel Aviv.”

After a year of failing to achieve any of its military objectives in Gaza, “Israel” found itself backed into a corner and starving for a victory. The Zionists trained their eyes north, on lands that have stubbornly thwarted settlement, and on the Lebanese resistance forces that have refused to break their solidarity with Gaza after a year of genocide. On September 18, Mossad agents initiated a wider regional war with a coordinated terrorist attack targeting the pagers and walkie-talkies of Hezbollah members in Lebanon, many of whom serve in the organization's medical and administrative divisions. Within minutes, thousands of men and women were set alight in the streets, in marketplaces, in their homes, in their cars. A second round of explosions the following day killed and maimed Lebanese attending funerals of the martyrs.

Since the attack, the Zionists have escalated their savagery and psychological warfare, repeating the genocidal tactics they use in Gaza on the people of southern Lebanon — bombing

escape routes and ambulances, targeting journalists, carpet bombing entire neighborhoods in Dahiye, the southern Shiite suburb of Beirut. Just as they razed Gaza's orchards and sowed its soil with salt water and munitions, they are setting fire to our olive groves and sending internationally-banned white phosphorus into our fields. They have assassinated our resistance leaders, one after the other, in indiscriminate bombing raids on densely populated civilian areas. They have murdered over 1700 people in Lebanon since the beginning of the war last October, at least 600 of them in the first week of their expanded aggression. By the time you read this, that number will likely be much higher.

There is something of revenge in Zionist sadism, a libidinal craving to exact punishment on an undefeated people. Ours is a resistance that will never die, helmed by the memory of the heroes and martyrs that came before us: Sana'a Mehadli, who at age 16 blew herself up next to an Israeli convoy in Jezzine, killing two Zionist soldiers and injuring 10 others; Souha Bechara, who attempted to assassinate Antoine Lahad, the leader of the Southern Lebanese Army which administered the Is-

**The Zionists’
hunger for our
land exposes the
anemic body of
their movement.
It is a sham that
obscures a cold
fact: they destroy
what they desire;
they desire what
they can never
have. Because we
are the rivers, the
stones, the trees
they seek.**

raeli occupation of the South; Georges Abullah, Sheikh Ragheb Harb, Wajdi Al-Sayegh, Hassan Darwish, and the thousands of other martyrs who fought to expel the occupation.

“I am part of a group that decided to die in order to liberate our land and people,” Mehadli said in a video she recorded shortly before her martyrdom in April, 1985. “Because I saw the tragedy of life under occupation—the killing of children, women, and the elderly, the home demolitions. For this reason, we made the decision to be fida’is.”

The Lebanese resistance dealt the Zionists a second humiliating defeat during the July War of 2006. Believing that a victory in the town of Bint Jbeil would create a “ripple effect,” leading to the capture of other parts of southern Lebanon, Zionist commanders ordered four brigades totaling 5,000 soldiers to besiege the locale while the Israeli Air Force bombed from above. They were held off by less than 150 resistance fighters, young men defending the streets where they grew up and the homes their families built. Local commander Khalid Bazzi was martyred alongside dozens of other men in the fight, and large swaths of the town were flattened, but their triumph was decisive. Standing before the wreckage in the aftermath, Hezbollah leader and martyr Hassan Nasrallah declared before the thousands who’d come to celebrate, “I tell you: the Israel that owns nuclear weapons and has the strongest air force in the region is weaker than a spider’s web.”

Indeed, all the Israelis have are the thousand-pound bombs and ballistic missiles donated by their patrons

in Washington with the capacity to obliterate from afar but the inability to hold — in Gaza, Jenin, Nabatieh, Khiam—the land, which falls like sand through their fingers year after year. In the nearly two decades since the Battle of Bint Jbeil, we rebuilt our homes and schools and hospitals; we erected bridges where other bridges once stood; we harvested our tobacco leaves and pressed our olives to oil and we will do it all over again if we have to, if that is the price we must pay to defend the South, to defend our people in Palestine.

The Zionist attack on Lebanon should be understood as prototypical Zionist expansionism. At the first Zionist conference in Basel in 1919, Theodor Herzl and his counterparts defined the territorial scope of the Israeli ethnostate as including, in addition to the parts of Palestine occupied today, southern Lebanon, Jordan (on both sides of the river), Gaza, and southern and south-western Syria. “Even if only the minimum Zionist concept of Palestine is taken to be the real basis of Zionist planning, that will leave the road towards Zionist territorial expansion in the future wide and open,” warned Syrian-wPalestinian intellectual Fayeze Sayegh in his seminal text *Zionist Colonialism in Palestine*, published in 1965.

The persistence of these imperialist ambitions is observable today in the formation of settler groups like “Uri Tzafon,” named after a Biblical phrase that translates to “Arise, O North,” which formed in northern occupied Palestine after October 7 to push for the settlement of southern Lebanon. “Everything between the Litani [River] and Israel must be under the control of the IDF,” said Knesset member MK Avigdor Lieberman in January. What vapid ambition. The Zionists’ hunger for our land exposes the anemic body of their movement. It is a sham that obscures a cold fact: they destroy what they desire; they desire what they can never have. Because we are the rivers, the stones, the trees they seek.

There is an argument promoted by our enemies and detractors, from the Zionists and their imperialist sponsors to the fascist Lebanese bourgeoisie to the supporters of the Saudi, Emirati, Jordanian, and Egyptian conspirator regimes: that the Lebanese resistance does not fight for Palestine. Different permutations of this cynical framing paint the people of the South as a brainwashed mass purely interested in the Shiitization of the region or as a power-hungry body holding up its side of a morally bankrupt resistance axis. To the authors of this polemic and their imitators, to the apologists for the traitorous Jordanian government that shoots down the rockets en route to “Tel Aviv” or the criminal Egyptian regime that blocks the flow of humanitarian aid into Rafah or the Lebanese elites who write off the South as a lower class backwater undeserving of protection: You know nothing of our people. You know nothing of our commitment to struggle for a different world, one in which justice prevails and the fangs of Zionist and imperialist violence are ripped from our land.

Thirty-two years ago headlines in the settler colony announced that the resistance in Lebanon was over. The Zionists had just assassinated Abbas Al-Musawi, the Lebanese Shia cleric and co-founder of Hezbollah, signifying, they thought, the reinforcement of the Northern border and the settlements in the Galilee. The following decades saw the rise of Hezbollah and the martyred leader Hassan Nasrallah, the end of the occupation, and the victory of 2006.

We pen these words in a dark month in an even darker year. In September 2024, after the Zionist forces bombed the suburb of Dahiye, razing buildings to the ground, the sun rose over the rubble where a new banner had been hung: Kill us under every brick and stone... We will not abandon Palestine. The path ahead is overcast but the destination remains certain: forward to Bawabet Fatme, forward through the Galilee, to Jerusalem.

حرب الثورة في لبنان مجرتنا!

منطق التاريخ أن يأتمر التاريخ بمنطق الكفاح ضد الغزاة، وضد الطغاة من المحيط إلى الخليج. وما سار التاريخ يوماً إلا بمنطق الصراع ضدهم. يخططون، وتنقلب عليهم خططهم في الظاهر، هم أسياى الأحداث: يبادرون، يدمرون، و ينتقمون. يحاصرون الأرض و البحر و السماء. وينتصرون للموت. لكن الموت يحاصرهم في كل جهات الزمن القادم في أعيننا غضباً.

قالوا: وتكون الحرب في لبنان خاطعة. أيام معدودات، ويركع من لم يركع بعد، ومن لا يفهم إلا لغة القهر. وقالوا: لا سلام سوى شالوم. و “اسرائيل” روما العصر. لملوك “اسرائيل”، لأسياىهم الإمبرياليين و أسياى حثالة أمتنا في أنظمة الزيت العربية، لصغار الفاشست نقول: يطيب لنا أن نبصق في أوجهكم. سنقاتلكم حتى بأظافرنا. قبضتنا بوصلة التاريخ، وطلقة حريتنا تخرق جدار القلب النابض منكم بالموت الرابض في أضلعكم. ونقول: سبني وطناً ينهض حجراً حجراً فوق قبور تتسخ بكم. أنتم مزبلة التاريخ. و بيروت مدينة أحرار قطعوا عهداً: سنقاومكم.

هذي حكمتنا: لا للفاشية. درب الثورة في لبنان مجرتنا. من جهة الرفض يجيء الصبح جميلاً، إذ نتصر له توأ، في هذي اللحظة إياها، الآن، الآن، الآن، وينتصر بنا.

مهدي عامل / الثلاثاء 24 آب 1982 / مجلة الطريق / العدد الثالث / كانون الأول 1982



A Lebanese boy climbs atop a cannon near the village of Kfar Kila in South Lebanon, May 25, 2000.

The Revolutionary War in Lebanon is Our Universe!

The logic of history dictates that it must follow the path of struggle, against the invaders and tyrants, from the Atlantic to the Gulf. And history only ever progresses through the logic of this struggle. They plot, but their plots turn against them.

On the surface they appear to be masters of events: They initiate, they destroy, and they seek revenge. They besiege the land, the sea, and the sky. They champion death. Yet in our raging eyes, death surrounds them from all directions in the coming time.

They said: The war in Lebanon will be swift. That in just a few days, those who had not yet knelt, who only understand the language of force, would kneel. They declared that there would be no Salaam, only Shalom, that “Israel” is the Rome of our times. To the kings of “Israel,” to their imperial masters, to the petty fascists, and the masters of the scum of our nations in the foul Arab regimes, we say: We are delighted to spit in your faces. We will fight you even with our fingernails. Our fists are the compass of history, and the bullet of our freedom will pierce your hearts that beat with death inside your ribs. To them, we say: We will build a homeland, brick by brick, over your filthy graves. You are the dustbin of history, and Beirut is the city of the free who have vowed: We will resist you.

This is our guiding principle: No to fascism. The path of revolution in Lebanon is our universe. From the side of refusal, a beautiful morning will rise, as we champion it now, in this very moment, now, now, now, and it will triumph through us.

Mahdi Amel / Tuesday, August 24, 1982 / Al-Tariq Magazine / Issue Three / December 1982

Education and Revolution in America

By NATIONAL STUDENTS FOR JUSTICE IN PALESTINE



A protester waving a Palestinian flag from the roof of Hind's Hall, Columbia University, New York City, April 30, 2024.

The Student Intifada has revealed to the world the role of the American university: to perpetuate and reproduce the capitalist-imperialist system and proactively quell threats to the ruling class. Our universities are a major part of a complex network of institutions termed the superstructure, which includes elements of the state, civil society, legal systems, and the media. The superstructure maintains and legitimizes capitalism's economic base: relations of production, labor sectors and divisions, and the structure of private property, which everyone participates in and engages with to survive.

While operating with a mandate to nurture education and "intellectual" development, the university is hardly a neutral space. It shapes and reinforces the rest of the superstructure, especially through subsidiary institutions like law schools, which both craft and uphold legislation that enforces the power mechanisms of the state. The neo-liberalization of the university has only deepened this dynamic, as corporatization, privatization, and Boards of Trustees' explicit alignment with market forces further integrate it into the capitalist-imperialist framework. The ruling class controls the university. Through our confrontation with administrations to secure divestment from Zionism, we have transformed a cornerstone of the superstructure, the neoliberal university, into a primary site of struggle for the movement for Palestinian liberation.

As Walter Rodney expressed in his 1969 collection *The Groundings with My Brothers*, "a radical education system must challenge students to see the world differently, engage with the struggles of the masses, and use their knowledge for the purpose of societal transformation. Radical education and the creation of alternative spaces for knowledge production have the power to disrupt the dominant capitalist-individualist ideology of the youth."

The formation of the Popular University for Gaza and the student body's seizure of spaces was the first step in disrupting the routine reproduction of ideology under capitalism. Libraries, zines, skill-shares, and community teach-ins replaced the classroom under National SJP's call for students across the nation — and across the world — to establish Popular Universities within the encampments. For the first time in decades, students and allied faculty produced explicitly anti-imperialist curricula, broke the barriers of the elite institution, and built popular dissent for not only the university's capitalist-imperialist agenda but also its structure as a whole.

The relationship between the economic base and superstructure, as outlined in Karl Marx's *A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy*, explains how economic relations shape society's institutions and ideologies. More importantly, for the Student Movement, Marx's analysis of the dialectical relationship between base and

superstructure shows how changes in institutional orientation towards the state and the ideology of the masses may affect the economic base. Because of this, we understand that changes in popular ideology put significant stress on the economic base; the propagation of the Popular University poses an existential threat to the material function of our institutions.

In response to this threat, the Boards of Trustees and their administrative pawns unleashed militant and disciplinary repression on par with that faced by the '68 generation—the last national uprising of this scale on college campuses, both protesting the US invasion of Vietnam and assisting the rise of the Black Power movement. Police were invited to brutalize students and community members alike, tearing apart our social infrastructure and making an example out of anyone who resisted. New administrative policies were created to criminalize Students for Justice in Palestine and other student organizations, while existing disciplinary processes were weaponized and expanded in scope to target individual students.

Administrations changed institutional policies on student assembly overnight to suspend and expel students of Columbia University. They erected walls, barriers, blockades, and blinders to prevent free movement of students, faculty, and staff, and allowed police forces and the National Guard to operate freely on campus, as occurred at



Pro-Palestine student encampment at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, April 28, 2024.

the University of Chicago, Wayne State, and Emory. The strength of the Student Movement and the speed at which the Student Intifada spread (intentionally) put the Board of Trustees in an impossible situation, intending to leave divestment as the administration's only path forward. We were incorrect in this prediction. Despite the public condemnation of their actions and the impact on their reputations, the violence and tactlessness of their initial response have been normalized, standardized, and institutionalized by universities across the country.

Although administrators intended to stifle SJP and the Student Intifada, their violent repression only served to galvanize the movement, encourage more encampments and liberated zones across the country, and push the Student Movement to escalate our tactics. Students moved to fluid, joint encampments like the DMV SJP Coalition's D.C. encampment, building occupations inspired by those at Cal Poly Humboldt, Columbia University, and the Rhode Island School of Design. They developed counter-cop maneuvers, like those at the University of California at Berkeley and UCLA.

We understand this dynamic as a perfect example of the consciousness-resistance dialectic, the complex relationship between awareness of systemic oppression and an organized struggle against it. This concept is closely tied to the Palestinian national liberation struggle itself; as the Palestinian people tangibly face the structures of colonialism and apartheid, their increased awareness of their oppression both fuels their willingness to resist and informs the methods used to do so. In our context, the level and methods of repression the Student Movement faces have increased not only our consciousness of the structures that bar us from achieving our goals but also our willingness to take militant action against these systems. Repression breeds resistance, even in the imperial core.

In climbing the rungs of the escalation ladder, the Student Movement has asserted itself as a distinct power bloc in the struggle for liberation, capable of uniting vast sectors of the community both on and off campus to take ac-

tion against our institutions. SJPs have proven an ability to unite the movement's advanced sectors, win over and mobilize the intermediate sectors, and isolate and struggle through incorrect and backward ideas to chart our path forward.

With the start of the Student Intifada and our increased awareness and navigation of state tactics, the Student Movement has progressed through praxis, not just theory. As revolutionary Palestinian thinker and martyr Bassel Al-Araj declared, the "intellectual who is not part of the battle is not an intellectual." Through our engagement in this battle, the Student Movement has taken us all to the next phase of our struggle, one which every sector of the movement and community must propel forward.

Toppling administrators and university presidents, while impressive, is not enough and is not the end. It's time for the broader community to take decisive action to reinforce the demands of the Student Movement and compound our efforts within the key institutions of American society. We cannot view the different elements of our struggles in isolation; instead, we must understand that the university, as both a critical and unstable pillar of the capitalist-imperialist system, can be transformed only through the unrelenting pressure from both students and the surrounding community.

The Student Movement cannot and will not lead the struggle indefinitely. The masses, on and off campus, must embrace their new role as the popular cradle for a counter-hegemonic force capable of dismantling not just the neoliberal university but the ideological and material foundations of capitalist society. The concept of the "popular cradle" emerged from the Palestinian liberation struggle: the refusal to regard resistance as separate from Palestinian society and the cultivation of mass support for and popular involvement in the liberation struggle. The struggle for divestment from Zionism is just the first step; our ultimate shared goal is to overturn the structures that perpetuate violence on the domestic and global scales.

The fight for Palestinian liberation on campus is the struggle against the

capitalist-imperialist superstructure. The university's role as a vehicle for the reproduction of dominant ideologies and its suppression of dissent must be met with unified, radical action. Through the Student Intifada, the Student Movement has made significant progress in transforming our campuses into battlegrounds, but this fight requires sustained involvement from all parts of society. It is only through organization, a commitment to challenging entrenched power, and a collective refusal to accept the status quo that we can dismantle the systems of oppression leveled against both Palestinians and marginalized communities worldwide.

Now is the time to intensify our efforts, deepen our solidarity, and remain steadfast in the belief that another world is possible — one free from imperialism, capitalist exploitation, and apartheid. The momentum we have built is undeniable; it must not be wasted. Our next phase must be one of intensification; SJPs and student organizations who lacked the development and strength to participate fully in the wave of encampments must develop their organization, structure, and mass base. Student organizations that successfully engaged in this escalation at the expense of their mass base and coalitions must work swiftly to rebuild them. Chapters that emerged from the Student Intifada stronger than before must share their experiences and knowledge to help develop the national movement. We must use our popular cradle to unite faculty, staff, students, and community members to build a militant front against the embedded structures of our universities. With the momentum from the Student Intifada, we must continue to carry out sustained disruptions, strategic actions, and strikes, leveraging all forms of student power and labor to remain in our offensive posture and forcing our universities to act. Let the Student Movement stand as a beacon of resistance, signaling the beginning of the complete upheaval of the forces that maintain injustice.

Long live the Student Intifada! Long live the struggle for Palestinian liberation!

REPRESSION AND COUNTER-REPRESSION

How reactionary forces in the U.S. tried to deter the momentum of the movement

The massive upsurge in grassroots support and mobilization for Palestinian liberation in the wake of October 7 and the occupation's subsequent genocidal assault on Gaza and the West Bank has ushered in a wave of political repression not seen in the U.S. since the McCarthy era. Almost immediately, reactionary panic took hold at the individual, institutional, and state levels as the U.S. sought to stamp out any and all expressions of support for the Palestinian national struggle.

This repression reflects both the vulnerability of the Zionist project exposed by Operation al-Aqsa Flood, and a tacit acknowledgement by the U.S. ruling class that it is losing the domestic war of position with respect to Palestine. With the image of its security shattered, the entity faces an existential threat from the Axis of Resistance at the very moment its lifeline from the U.S. has come under intense public pressure from a growing mass movement for Palestinian liberation. Because this movement can neither be challenged discursively nor co-opted, reactionary forces in the U.S. have attempted to deter the movement's momentum with severe repression.

There have been numerous incidents of far-right vigilante violence against Palestinians since October. In October, six-year-old Palestinian-American boy Wadea al-Fayoume was murdered in Illinois by his landlord, who stabbed him to death and injured his mother in a racially motivated attack. In November, three Palestinian college students

were shot by a vigilante in Vermont. In May, a woman attempted to drown a three-year-old Palestinian-American girl in Texas in another racially motivated assault.

Repression in higher education has been particularly pronounced, as students across the country have engaged in historic mobilizations to demand an end to their institutions' complicity in apartheid and genocide. Under pressure from donors and other stakeholders, and ginned up by panic in the elite media and political classes, university administrators have engaged in draconian crackdowns to stifle dissent. This took the form of individual student suspensions and sanctions against pro-Palestine student groups in the Fall, and extended to brutalizing students in coordination with police forces in response to student encampments in the Spring. Now, as the genocide enters its third academic semester, universities are introducing new policies in an attempt to silence all criticism of Zionism on campus and prevent any momentum toward divestment—a principle demand of the students.

Right-wing media, pro-Israel smear sites and blacklists, and vigilante Zionists have coordinated a mass doxing campaign to chill dissent against the genocide on campuses and elsewhere. Individuals engaged in pro-Palestine expression have had their personal information published and widely disseminated in an attempt to solicit harassment and impact prospective employment. To facilitate this doxing,

universities, municipalities, and states have imposed mask-prohibitions, even as the COVID-19 pandemic continues to pose significant public health risks.



Protesters confronting the NYPD during a march commemorating Nakba Day, New York City, May 15, 2024.

Private employers have cracked down on pro-Palestinian expression in the workplace: starting in October, there has been a wave of retaliatory firings and incidents of workplace discrimination over the private political expression of employees. This has spanned across a wide range of industries, with particularly severe repres-

sion in the publishing and medical sectors.

In addition to these forms of intimidation, institutions have also directly

universities, libraries, and bookstores have shut down events featuring Palestinians or pro-Palestinian voices.

State and private actors have also invoked federal anti-terrorism legislation—which was, in its origins, designed to target Palestine solidarity activism—to further raise the stakes of dissent. Lawfare organizations have filed several unsubstantiated civil lawsuits against Palestine solidarity organizations, falsely accusing them of having connections to groups designated as terrorists by the U.S. State Department. Congress has contemplated new ways to expand existing anti-terrorism laws. There has been a slew of legislative initiatives at the state and federal level to condemn pro-Palestine slogans and equate them with support for terrorism.

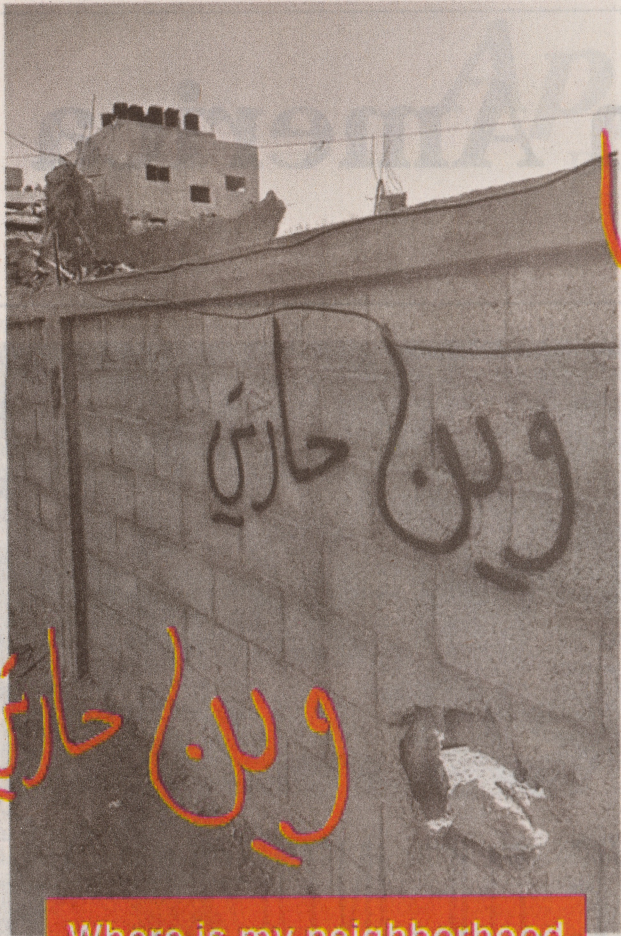
For its part, the security state has begun to kick into gear. The FBI is reportedly increasing its visits to individuals across the country merely for engaging in pro-Palestine political expression or visiting particular countries, such as Yemen. There have been substantial increases in interrogations at ports of entry by US customs agents. Surveillance and infiltration remain a threat to Palestine advocates and organizations.

Despite this widespread repression, the solidarity movement has proven tremendously resilient, and only continues to grow. The year since October 7 has seen the largest mobilizations for Palestinian liberation in U.S. history. University students in particular have weathered institutional crackdowns

with tactical innovations, and, at times, personal sacrifice. Indeed, in many instances repressive overreaction has only served to fuel larger and more persistent mobilizations, as advocates refuse to stand down.

This is in part because the solidarity movement has developed—and continues to develop—counter-repression tactics and strategies. To combat doxing, activists have taken steps to protect their identity, both digitally and physically. Many direct actions have been organized through autonomous collectives. De-arrests have become common at mass actions. Where possible, individuals and groups have launched legal challenges to draconian state and institutional repressive efforts. Organizations such as Palestine Legal and CUNY Clear have served as a front line of legal defense for the movement and created counter-repression resources to resist Zionist institutions and the US security state.

Though counter-repression to ensure collective safety will continue to be of paramount importance in the coming months and years, the moral force of liberation is undeniable. As the U.S. and the Zionist entity continue to escalate their aggression and the Axis of Resistance prepares for a long war of attrition, it will be incumbent on the solidarity movement to channel the massive upsurge in momentum catalyzed this year into sustainable political formations capable of disrupting Zionism and U.S. empire over the medium- and long-term horizons.



No place for
you on our land

لا مكان لكم على أرضنا

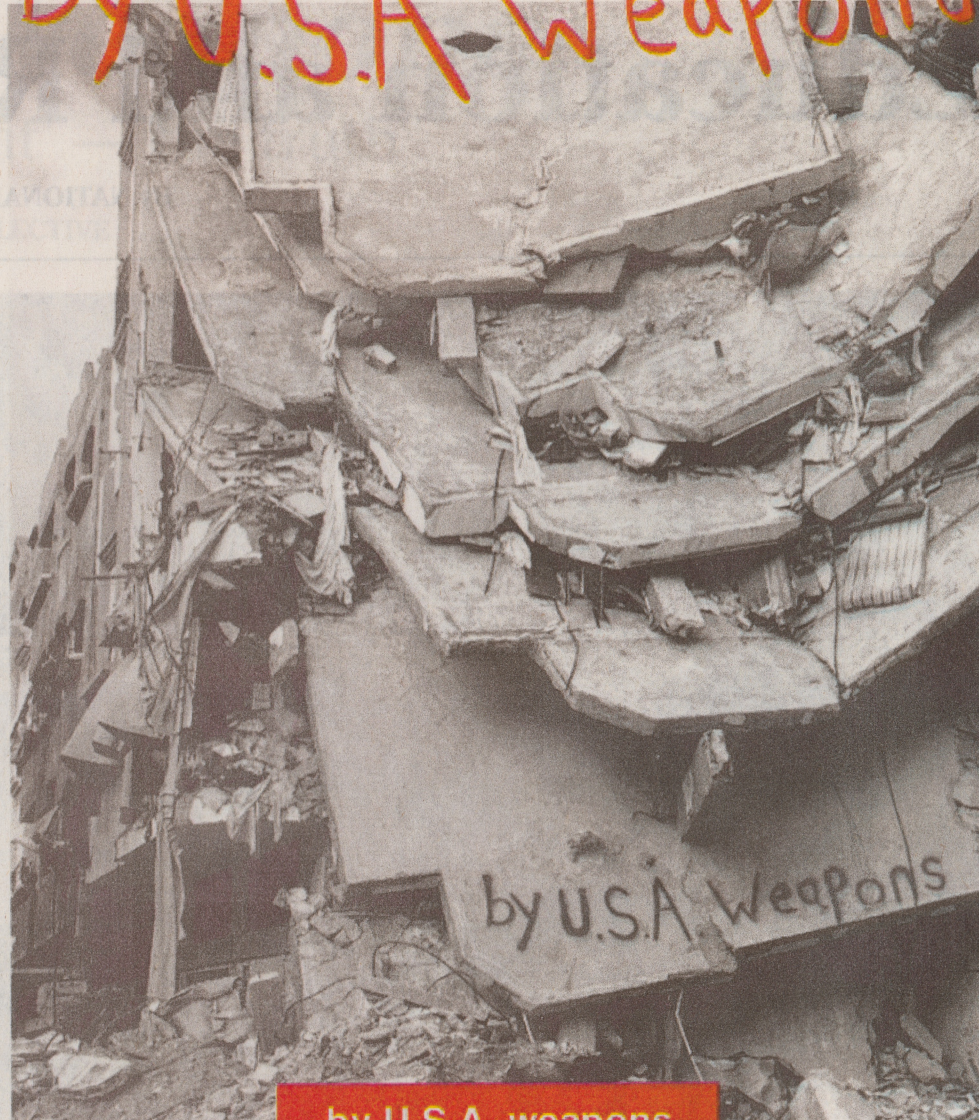
وين حاري

Where is my neighborhood



لا مكان لكم على أرضنا

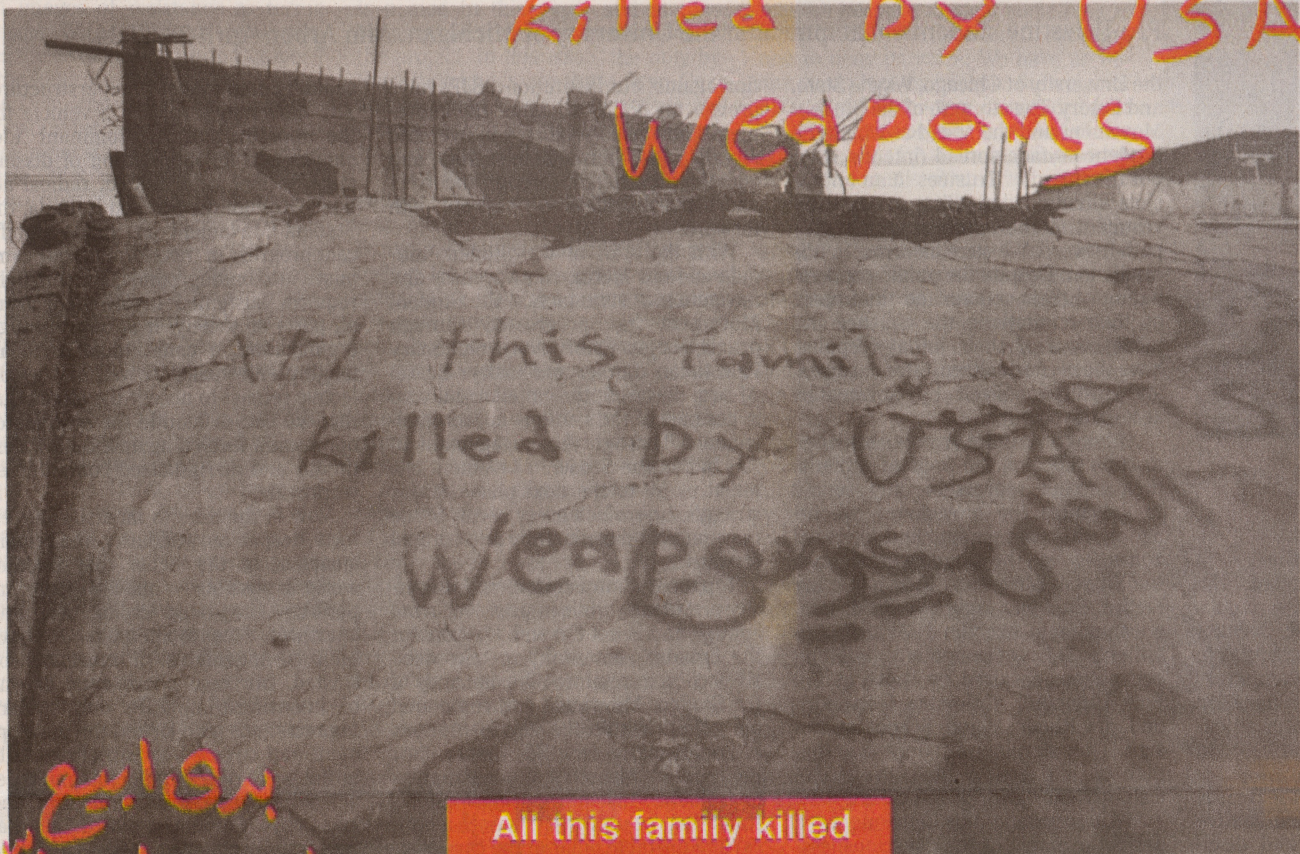
by U.S.A Weapons



by U.S.A Weapons

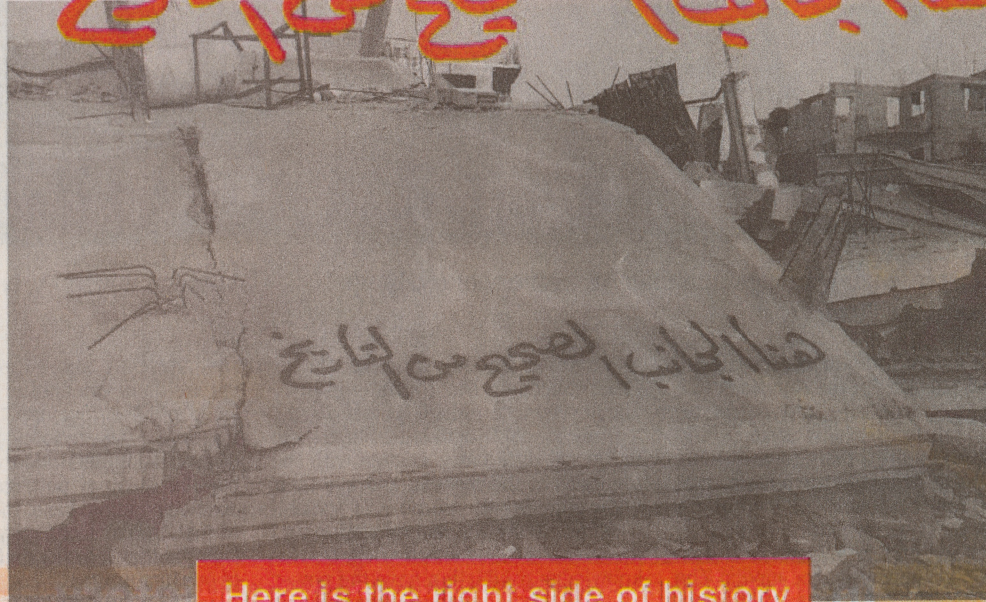
by U.S.A. weapons

ALL this family
killed by USA
Weapons



ALL this family
killed by USA
Weapons

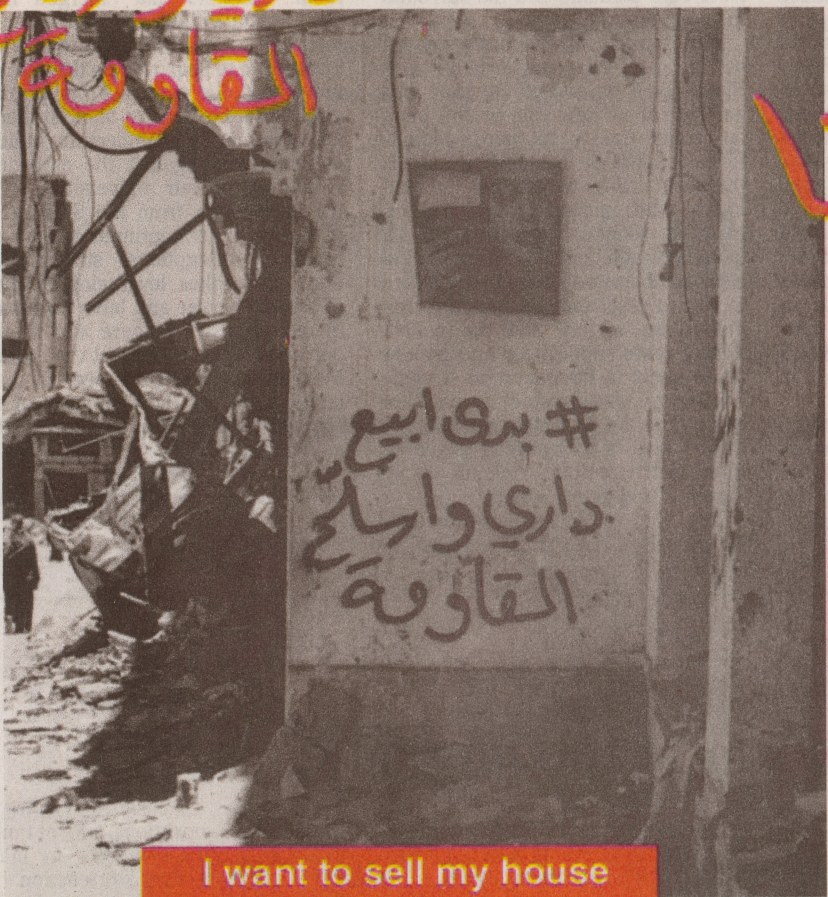
هنا الجانب الصحيح من التاريخ



Here is the right side of history

بي ابيع
داري وارسل
القاوية

All this family killed
by U.S.A. weapons



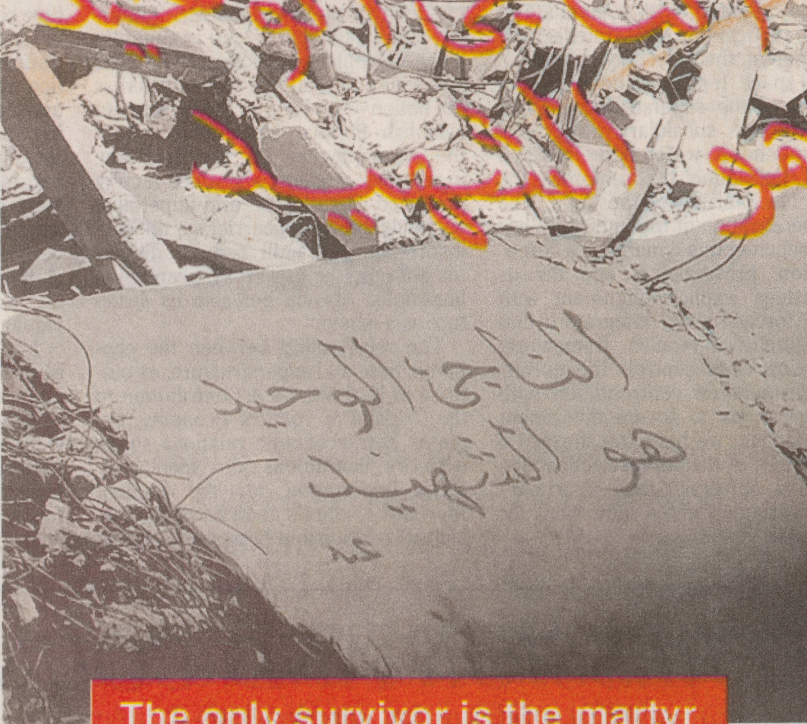
I want to sell my house
and arm the resistance

Here is my brother

هنا
التي

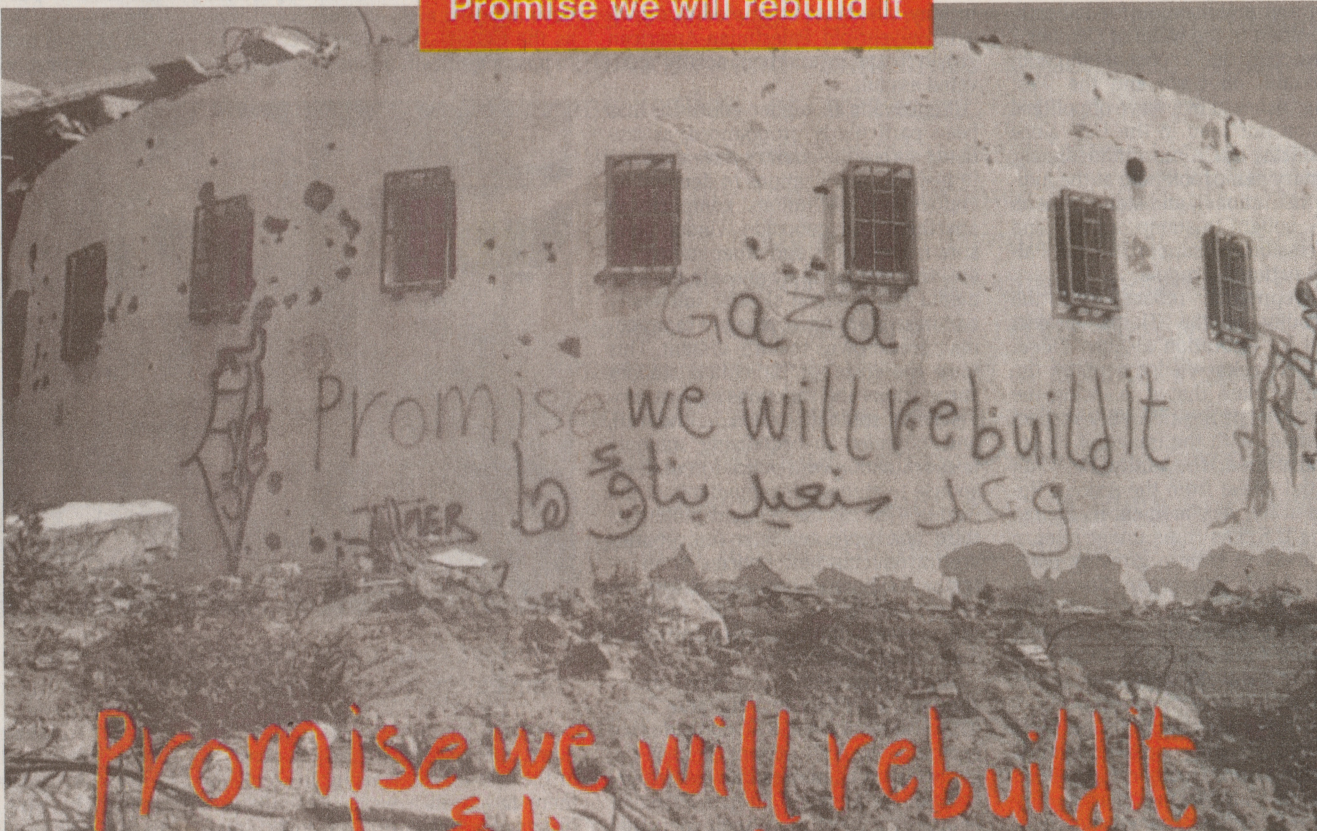


الناسج الوحيد
هو الشهيد



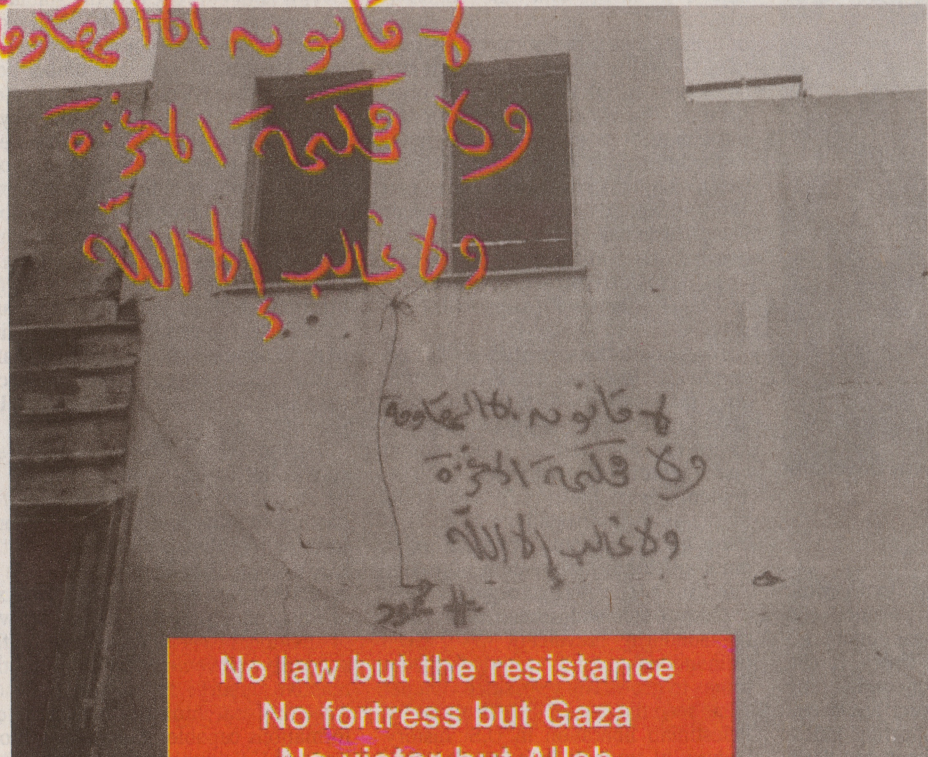
The only survivor is the martyr

Promise we will rebuild it



Promise we will rebuild it
وعد سنعيد بناؤها

لا قانون الا المقاومة
ولا قلعة الا غزة
ولا خائب الا الله



No law but the resistance
No fortress but Gaza
No victor but Allah

تثبت جذورك في التراب فأنت باق ها هنا الأرض أرضك يا فتى هذه البلاد بلادنا



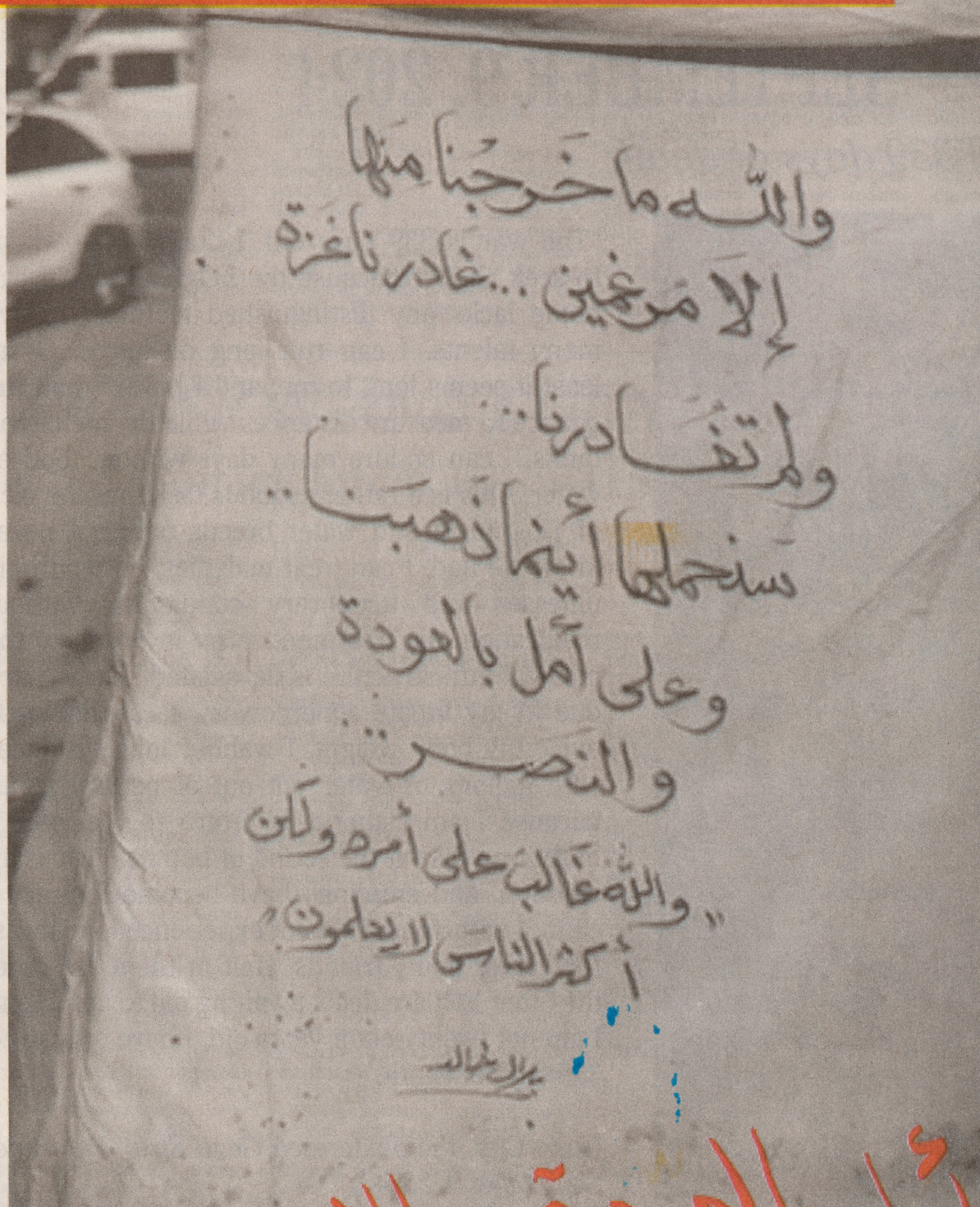
Root yourself in the soil,
for you will remain here.
This land is your land,
O young man, and this
homeland is ours.

The ignorant do not know
that your homeland is
eternal, so stand firm,
stay steadfast, and seek
the reward, for we are
all behind you.

How many martyrs offered
their souls for the sake of
achieving what is certain?
Hold on, O owner of the
land, for the land belongs
to the righteous.

By God, we did not leave until
we were forced to leave
We left Gaza, but she did not leave us...
We will carry her everywhere we go
in the hopes of return and victory...

And Allah has full power and control
over his affairs but most men know not...



I am the next martyr

وعلى أمل بالعودة والنصر...

Appropriate Weapons

Printing what's 'unfit to print' — the truth

By
THE NEW YORK WAR CRIMES COLLECTIVE

We aim to correct the record. Since October 7, every major media entity in the West has laundered Zionist hasbara while libeling and smearing the Palestinian resistance. No institution, however, has done so quite as shamelessly as *The New York Times*, a bastion of liberalism that represents ruling-class consensus while positioning itself as a universal model for ethical journalism. When we attack the so-called paper of record, we do so in order to fracture this fatal consensus and halt the manufacture of consent for the U.S.-backed Israeli war on Gaza. By attacking the standard-bearer, we call into question the standards themselves — the structural and linguistic norms that allow mass death to become a matter of policy and evil to be done in the name of law.

The New York Times' December publication of "Screams Without Words" — a widely debunked report on what the Israeli military says happened on October 7 — is perhaps the most egregious example of this kind of war-machine propaganda, the kind that operates in conjunction with anti-Palestinian and Islamophobic biases (shared by much of the paper's audience as well as most of its staff) to elicit sensationalized, racist images of resistance as terror. "Screams Without Words" has propelled the lie of mass rape on October 7 into the halls of power, where it echoes as the Democratic Party's number-one justification for genocide: Kamala Harris would not stand on the debate stage declaring that "on October 7 ... women were horribly raped" had *the Times* not said it first. "And so absolutely, I said then, I say now, Israel has a right to defend itself," Harris said with her next breath. There could be no more brutal causality, no clearer link between words and bombs. *The Times*' lies have fueled a year of unearthly horrors in Gaza.

This project — *The New York War Crimes*, the paper you're reading — is undertaken in service of the truth. Our critique of the *Times* is not intended to be constructive. We imagine the dismantling of the whole edifice. We also imagine what might spring up and grow up through the cracks as such institutions crumble, what might flourish and take hold in the space eventually cleared when — one day, after the work of decades — it falls.

Our demands of the *Times* echo those of the Palestine solidarity movement at large:

- 1) Retract "Screams Without Words." Stop lying.
- 2) Write an editorial calling for a U.S. arms embargo on Israel.

When the *Times* does not meet these demands, we know what to do next. Boycott, divest, unsubscribe. But also: do what they won't, say what they

won't, print what they don't see fit to print.

"The New York Times doesn't recognize Palestine," an editor at the *Times* once told the Palestinian intellectual Ibrahim Abu-Lughod. In 1988, speaking before the Congressional Black Caucus about the historical context for the First Intifada, Abu-Lughod related this damning anecdote and gave it a galvanizing conclusion. "Well," he said, "Palestine doesn't recognize *The New York Times* either." Abu Lughod's elegant rejoinder is also a reminder of what matters — not the meager recognition of rights that all mass movements eventually squeeze from vessels of power, but the infinite justice promised to strugglers for national liberation.

In the first issue of *The New York War Crimes*, we printed almost nothing but the names of the martyrs, of the Palestinians killed by "Israel" since October 7. We took over the lobby of *The New York Times* building and read the terrible litany, ordered by age from youngest to oldest. It took us an hour to read the names from age zero to one. And that was November.

Eleven months later, the dead have become uncountable. But who is named in this paper still matters. Naming, in fact, goes to the heart of the project. In this issue, the only by-lined individuals are those from Gaza and occupied Palestine to elevate and recognize their political analysis as the frontline against Zionist hasbara.

The rest of us are anonymous. This editorial choice reflects how the paper was birthed — covertly, collectively. Foregoing bylines tactically offers protection for freelance writers who fear blacklisting from the mainstream media publications they rely on to pay rent, but more importantly it reflects an ethical commitment to collectivity and against the individualism of bylines, prestige, or propriety over the paper. Our writing is borne out of the movement and therefore belongs to it.

At the start of this calendar year, our collective moved to expand the purview of the paper in order to more directly counter the feckless and hateful propaganda put out by the *Times* and other media outlets for whom the word of the IOF's military censor is law. On January 12, we printed a "decolonial feminism" edition in which we invited the Feminist Solidarity Network for Palestine to write detailed responses to the *Times*' baseless and widely debunked story on mass rape against Israelis by Palestinians on October 7. That month, in collaboration with Samidoun and the Palestinian Youth Movement, we also printed an issue devoted to the prisoners' struggle. With these two issues, *The New York War Crimes* was transformed from a piece of agitprop into a movement paper. In later editions, we published calls for a worldwide workers strike from the Palestinian General

Federation of Trade Unions on May Day, honored revolutionary resistance with essays by Mohammed El-Kurd, Nadera Shalhoub-Kevorkian and others for Nakba Day, and covered the American student uprisings as they were happening.

We thought about changing the paper's name, but by then it was too recognizable. Besides, appropriation is a time-honored tactic of guerilla warfare. Palestinian resistance fighters wear their enemy's uniforms, ride through enemy territory in the enemy's tanks, and refashion the enemy's unexploded bombs for their arsenals. On the solidarity front, we pay homage to the resourcefulness of the resistance in small and humble ways, by picking up, taking apart, putting back together, and fully redeploying imperial products — like the *Times*.

Avram Finkelstein, one of the originators of this paper's predecessor, *The New York Crimes*, names this tactic plainly as a form of theft. He calls it "stealing the voice of authority." (Finkelstein and his collective, Gran Fury, worked with ACT UP to fight back against government and media complicity in the spread of AIDS in the '80s and '90s.) The word 'stealing' here matters because to steal something is both to affirm the necessity of the thing and to deny its value. We have no desire to replace or become the voice of authority. Our thievery is intended first to devalue the object, to strip it of the power it gains by assuming singularity, and then to redistribute that power.

Every text in each issue is written against the genocide and against the systems that enable it. Genocide requires manufactured consent from an apathetic or powerless population. Our puppet democracy requires the veneer of truth-telling. The mainstream media and cultural institutions are key players in creating the conditions for and abetting this genocide. In the United States of America, these corporations and entities underwriting genocide rely on the labor of people like ourselves: writers, editors, poets, artists. We make the mainstream press possible and divesting our labor from those publications means we are taking what's ours — but not for ourselves. We take it and use it to pay back what we owe, because we are not innocent victims of the American state; we are both victimized by and complicit with its life-denying, death-making policies. As culture workers we are obligated to use everything at our disposal to build, nourish, and sustain a revolutionary cultural front in the service of a free Palestine. We will spend our lifetimes repaying our debt to the Palestinian people.



A food truck worker holding up a copy of *The New York War Crimes*, New York City, May 31, 2024.

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BAYAN'S BIRTHDAY — SEPTEMBER 9, 2024

'I have only lived 339 days of death'



From @BayanPalestine, January 4, 2024.

"The war is 339 days old. I don't know where to seek shelter because the neighborhood I call home lacks any distinguished features. I have many talents. I can run long distances. Or at least it seems long to me, and I haven't had the chance to measure distances while fleeing Israeli tanks. I can endure many days without food or water. This is a rather arduous task, but the lack of [انعدام] food and water breeds talents I never knew we had. I can treat maladies, both chronic illnesses and temporary conditions, without medication or treatment. Is it because the medical infrastructure is devastated? Or perhaps due to my innate superpowers. I can lift loads twice my body weight. I wander long distances with gallons of water not out of necessity, but because I am training to return to the gym. I harbor no fear at the sound of bombs. Fear is an emotion, and emotions have become luxuries I cannot withstand. I do not experience loneliness, for I have many friends. Half of them are here, the other half are dead, awaiting me to join them. I am not twenty-eight years old. I have only lived 339 days of death.

Gaza City, the obliterated Gaza Strip, Palestine.
September 9, 2024."

—Bayan Abusultan

Claiming Responsibility: June Jordan on Israel and Lebanon

The uncompromising poet writes against the Zionism of her peers

"I do not believe I am good. Or that we share a national legacy of innocence to protect and perpetuate," the poet June Jordan wrote six weeks after 9/11. Of Americans, she said: "Who is more violent than we?"

Returning violence to its origins was a political and poetic gesture Jordan turned to often — particularly in an open letter she wrote on October 10, 1982. Jordan, in the letter, takes poet Adrienne Rich to task for having signed a pro-Zionist statement that spring, and for being silent about the Sabra and Shatila massacre the previous month. She implicates every Zionist, every American in her screed. But her friends didn't want to be implicated. As Marina Magloire writes in "Moving Towards Life," an essay that traces the correspondence between June Jordan and Audre Lorde as well as the collapse of their friendship over the question of Palestine, a number of Black and Jewish poets, including Lorde, were "more interested in chastising Jordan for her tone and timing than in engaging with the content of her four-page critique." Because of the reactionary interventions of people Jordan knew, respected, and even loved, the letter was never published.

Jordan's literary career suffered from her lifelong commitments to anti-capitalism and anti-imperialism, and, most particularly, from her righteous and timely embrace of anti-Zionism. Already, by the time she was angry enough to write this letter, she had been blacklisted by the New York Times — to which she had been a frequent contributor — for writing poems about Palestine and Lebanon. The executive director of PEN America had chastised her for putting on a fundraiser for Palestinian and Lebanese children after Sabra and Shatila. Her New York City publisher had vowed to stop printing her books. So she knew what her speech could cost and spoke anyway, accepted the cost, chose it, felt it to be simply what she owed.

"Jordan recognizes that being part of an ethnonationalist state, whether born or chosen, carries the obligation to critique its violence," writes Magloire in her essay. "The fact that a Black woman born in this nation can make this statement, with far more humility than Rich's selective, cherry-picked identification with Israeli statehood, is a testament to the transformative possibilities of Jordan's identity politics."

This transformation beckons to us all in the letter's stunning final turn. "I claim responsibility for the Israeli crimes against humanity," Jordan writes, "because I am an American and American monies made these atrocities possible."

The full text of the letter, rescued from the archives of Audre Lorde, appears here and on www.newyorkwarcrimes.com.

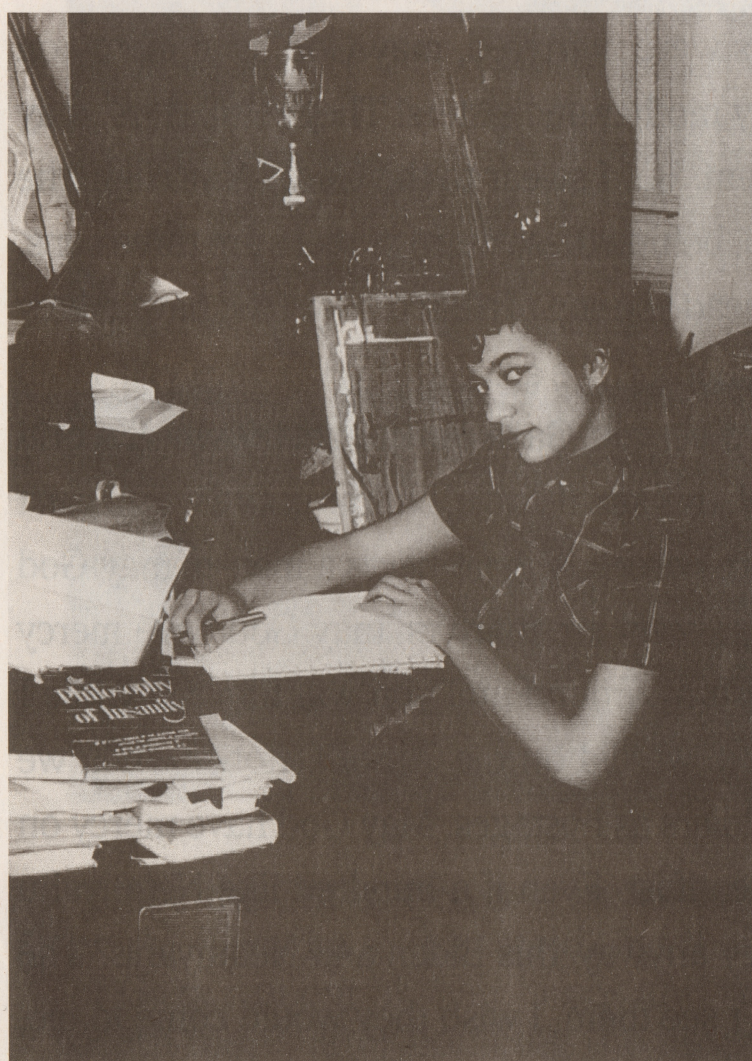


Photo of June Jordan in dorm room at Radcliffe Institute, courtesy of June Jordan School for Equity, 1951.



Two Palestinian women weeping after finding the bodies of relatives in Sabra refugee camp in Beirut, Lebanon, September 19, 1982.

June Jordan
October 10, 1982

First, let me be clear. Neither the word holocaust nor the word genocide was invented to describe the loss of Jewish or European life. Both of these words mean what they mean whether the victim is Jewish or not. Accordingly: Israel has created a holocaust in Lebanon entirely consistent with its genocidal aims as regards the Palestinian people. Indeed, the issue of the Palestinian people is the issue of the value of human life, per se, and, more specifically, the issue of the value of human life that is neither Jewish nor European. As the majority of the peoples of the world is neither Jewish nor European, it should amaze no one that we, Black and Third World people everywhere, attach fundamental importance to the question of Palestine.

When the 1982 invasion of Lebanon began I was stunned to learn that Off Our Backs carried a statement signed by Adrienne Rich on a subject even vaguely related to that developing holocaust. The Israeli slaughter of Lebanese and Palestinian men, women, and children, did not, after all, primarily raise issues of sexuality, or of 19th-century women writers.

I had not recently seen Adrienne affix her name to so much as a poem or a petition regarding the evils embodied by South Africa, El Salvador, Nicaragua, nuclear armaments, ten percent American unemployment, police violence in Black communities, and the resurrected compulsory military draft.

Surely, then, her emergence outside the most narrowly conceived white "feminist" realm must announce a very welcome, and urgent, broadening of her feminist grasp of this real and scarified and unequal world. But did she, in fact, condemn that Israeli campaign of massacre? Did she, in fact, identify the obvious nature of the Zionist state and its anti-Palestinian goals? Did she in fact, mourn for the non-European victims of her money, and my money, and our American monies (7.2 million dollars a day) poured into Israel — a state smaller than the state of Connecticut? Did she, in fact, scream aloud for her people — the people she dares claim as her own — to stop the cluster bombs and the phosphorous burning of children and the mutilation of women and then devastation of homes and schools and hospitals, as the Israeli armed forces thrust themselves forward and forward and forward into the ravaging agony of their creation? Did she, in fact, join the Israeli Peace Now dissidents who, as early as June, 1982, bravely put their white bodies on the line against this massacre committed in their name? Did she, in fact, claim responsibility?

She did not.

Does she now, after Sabra and Shatilah, does she now claim responsibility? She does not. Does she now, after 400,000 Israelis plunged into the streets to demand a tribunal to investigate Israeli function in the massacre of the people of those miserable refugee camps, does she now join that outcry with her own? She does not.

Does she tell you why the Palestinian people live and die in refugee camps? Why they don't "go home"?

Does she remind all of us of the Israeli standards established in the Israeli trial of Eichmann in Jerusalem, to wit: That you cannot say you did not know. That you cannot say you never pulled the trigger. That you cannot say you did not turn on the gas. That you cannot say that you were only one among so many?

She does not.

This is what she does and she does it after Sabra and after Shatilah: She repeats that she is a Zionist. She wonders why is there so much fuss about this because evil is not a new phenomenon in the world. She emphasizes that she will join no "protest activities" to stop the evil done in her name. Her name, she says, is Jewish. You are anti-Semitic, she says, if you criticize anything and anyone Jewish. What, she says, by the way, about anti-Semitism, she says. What about that?

I now respond: I claim responsibility for the Israeli crimes against humanity because I am an American and American monies made these atrocities possible. I claim responsibility for Sabra and Shatilah because, clearly, I have not done enough to halt heinous episodes of holocaust and genocide around the globe. I accept this responsibility and I work for the day when I may help to save any one other life, in fact.

I believe that you cannot claim a people and not assume responsibility for what that people do or don't do. You cannot claim to be human and not assume responsibility for the value of all human life.

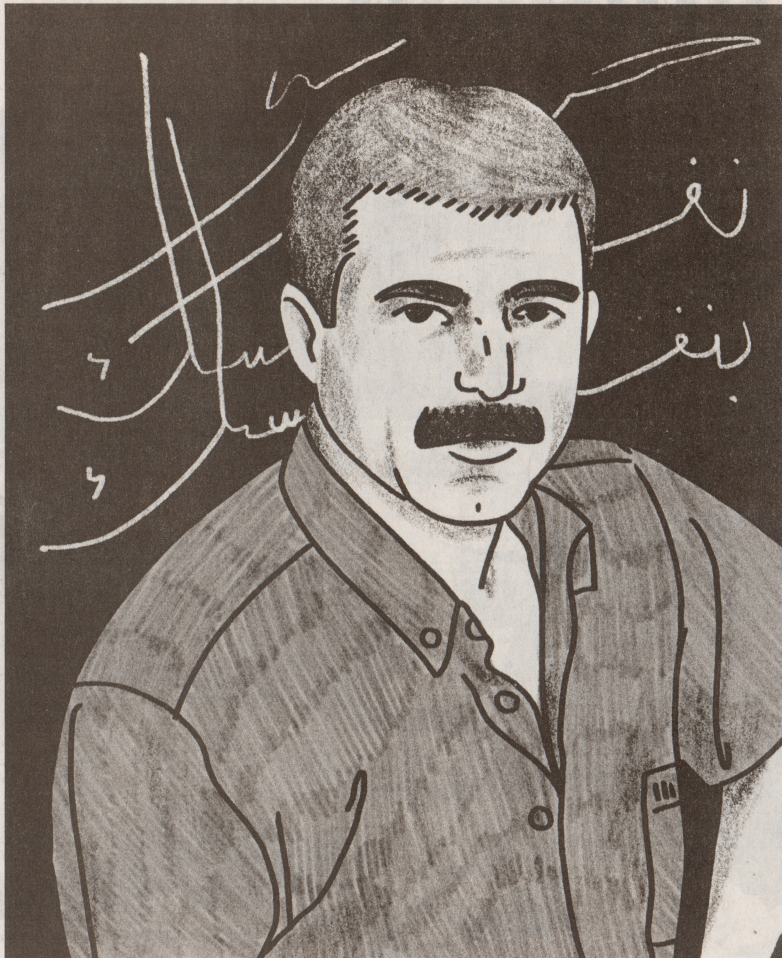
To Adrienne, I make this public reply: Your evident definition of feminism leaves you indistinguishable from the white men threatening the planet with extinction.

Where you raise the accusation of anti-Semitism I accuse you: I accuse you of being anti-Palestinian. More, I accuse you of being anti-life.

I refuse to assume responsibility for your actions and your inertia. I do not accept you as my people.

Free Yourself By Yourself

By WALID DAQQA



The freedom fighter Walid Daqqa, who spent 38 years in captivity, wrote this article for "Al-Hadath" newspaper during the recent campaign of repression against him. Before his murder in Zionist prisons, he was subject to arbitrary transfer, isolation, and deprivation of visits as punishment for his intellectual work, and for facilitating the birth of his daughter Milad, through the smuggling of sperm, with his wife Sanaa Salama on February 3rd, 2020. This article, written from prison in three installments, contains insights that offer lessons in reclaiming and rebuilding what has collapsed of a Palestinian national identity caught between the project of national liberation and the project of state building.

At a time when the culture of deeply engaging literature is declining in favor of a culture that privileges the consumption of the image and the short text, the importance of the former grows in prisons. In the prisons, this deep culture functions as a tool of the prisoners' individual steadfastness, on the one hand benefiting from their isolation from the world of technology, the internet and social media. On the other hand, this culture also benefits from the increasing rationalization of the prisoners' reality due to the consequences of this development on his life and the need to confront his reality. For prisoners, modernity seeps into their world through their jailer, who relies on modern tools and complex human engineering to detain and suppress them.

If, in the reality of the nation-state, modern systems have weakened its sovereignty and its ability to control the educational process, and have introduced into its cultural programs, under the pressure of globalization, values that have fragmented society and weakened its cohesion, then these tools, in the context of imprisonment, have transformed prisons into closed

institutions of total surveillance and pressure, leaving no trace that can be clearly identified or confronted with the old national discourse. It also doesn't point to it as a cause for feelings of weakness, or pain, or even as a violation that human rights institutions can document.

When your material reality weakens, and becomes simple in its options during confrontation, your vision is supposed to become clearer. But when your enemy is armed with all scientific means, you are materially defeated before them, left on the ground unable to face them, and even worse, unable to explain your defeat and weakness or even to scream. In the absence of a national organizational tool like a liberation movement, it falls on you as an individual to refuse to be fragmented or scattered, to cling to your narrative, repeating it to yourself before shouting it to others so that you do not forget who you are.

If, as nationalists, we once faced informants and agents — agents of colonialism and occupation — using the tools and discourse of the liberation movement (the "dog Abu Nab/with the fangs" phase), then, in the post-modern occupation state, we face attempts to alter consciousness through manipulation and infiltrate the awareness of individuals, making them drift where the occupier desires using their tools (the "hyena phase"). The hyena, in folklore, does not devour you; it first hypnotizes you, making you lose your will and awareness to the point where you start calling it "father," and you only wake up when your head crashes against the wall of its cave, causing you to bleed. The bloodshed from the head, rather than any other part of the body, symbolizes in this tale the need to regain consciousness to reclaim your stolen will.

In this sense, freedom as a value vis-à-vis liberation as a project takes on a new meaning under occupation in the

post-modern time, as a condition of will. Big Brother (George Orwell) has turned into a monitor, in an attempt to imitate him, echo his vocabulary, or consume his product. You, live on air, willingly and publicly disclose your most intimate details to the occupier, surrendering your freedom while deluded that you are exercising it. In reality, you are merely hypnotized, echoing behind the occupier, calling him "father."

The post-modern prison experienced by the prisoners' movement has become more complex today, requiring us to deconstruct and understand it as a reality so that we can redefine torture or pain. More sophisticated tools or discourse or culture, appealing to the mind more than before, are necessary to understand and confront imprisonment in this era. In the modern era, the division was clear, especially in Arab dictatorships, where a jailer wielding a baton and a prisoner with cuffed wrists made the scene of imprisonment starkly clear and simple.

When the distance between "us" and "them" is as clear as the difference between winter and summer in prison, where there is no use for intermediate seasons, no blossoming almonds, and no falling autumn leaves, certainty becomes alluring and comforting, not requiring serious challenge. Instead, we settle into collective discourse, raising spirits and encouraging steadfastness. The righteousness of the path needs no proof; it is as clear as the shackles. Collective discourse, by nature, is ideologically and emotionally charged and its vocabulary primarily focuses on material steadfastness, thus it simplifies political culture into one of good and

More sophisticated tools or discourse or culture, appealing to the mind more than before, are necessary to understand and confront imprisonment in this era.

evil people, and reduces struggle into a single form. We thus distance ourselves from the foundational narrative we began with and draw closer to the nation-state, or so it seems, while moving further from the homeland.

When the cell, in the post-modern era of Israeli prisons, ceases to fulfill some of its functions — deprivation of light and concealment — but retains its third function — imprisonment that withholds sunlight from the prisoner without hiding him shackled in dark underground dungeons — this does not mean that the prison has become less horrific or brutal. Instead, it has shifted its focus from targeting the prisoner's body to targeting his mind, turning his mind into a literal cell and his senses into tools of torture.

In this context and with the new meaning of imprisonment, which can be summarized under the title: "Torture yourself, by yourself," followed by the

slogan "Educate yourself, by yourself," education among the prisoners' movement takes on importance not only as a tool of national steadfastness — especially since factional cultural discourse, such as the culture of "Know Your Enemy," has mostly disappeared after the Oslo Accords, and what remains is no longer able to explain the national reality, particularly the reality of prisoners and its complexities — but also as a means of personal steadfastness and a necessity to maintain mental and psychological balance to preserve the self as a human and moral value first, and as a national value second.

The education presented by the factions to the prisoners until the late 1980s, derived from the principle of democratic centralism, served as a beacon illuminating our direction, near and far, from the shore and the safety of the homeland, or so it seemed to us. Our certainty appeared at a time when politics had not yet separated from economics, and the values of the individual and the collective were still intertwined in a national fabric we called the "liberation movement." Today, in confronting the post-modern reality, culture resembles an individual compass or a GPS for each prisoner searching for his conviction, after the factions formed one exactly like the nation-state that abandoned its historical functions, in favor of the neoliberal globalization economy, and its role in shaping the national identity, leaving its citizens to face their fate with their individual strength.

Thus, the national liberation movement abandoned its roles in favor of Oslo, giving up the idea of the homeland for the sake of the state. As a result, liberation and sovereignty are gnawing away at the homeland and the historical narrative, and freedom has been annihilated by security persecution. This has left the prisoner, observing the Palestinian reality from within his cell, confused, transforming the task of imbuing the national identity into an individual mission for each prisoner.

Identities, even if they are imaginary, or as some call them "collective imagination," a certainty that we imagine, and a story that we tell ourselves as peoples so that reality remains comprehensible to us — in captivity, they are the last stronghold of the rational mind. They produce your "self" and your identity and they charge it with new moral and national meanings to maintain your balance in the shadow of a crazy reality. You, as an individual, discover, with your own strength, the importance of the collective. You reformulate your collective ties by championing the story that you tell yourself, not according to your collective Palestinian reality as it is, which leads you to frustration and madness, but according to imaginations that seek to produce your mind, or more accurately, your rationality. Exactly like the hunger striker whose body is devoid of any energy, devoid but with rational purpose, as he stopped depriving himself of food, for which if he continued would lead him to certain death.

Here, prisoners discover the experience without text. They learn, on their own skin, that "man does not live by bread alone." But this realization shapes the inner self. In collaborating with the jailer or the occupier, they come to understand that "there is no Torah without flour." In striving to resolve the dilemma between the two sayings, the prisoner discovers the importance of this tension between bread and Torah in shaping two

types of reasonings — the instrumental reasoning and the rationality that encompasses the needs of the spirit, heart, and morality. Pluralism then becomes a constructive force rather than destructive force in defining the homeland. The Marxist draws closer to the Islamist, and the religious to the secular, all within a framework of identity that neither negates nor demonizes the other, and makes the possibility of working together the core of a shared truth. In this context, academic study

You, as an individual, discover, with your own strength, the importance of the collective

had played a significant role in shaping such awareness and transforming it into tangible behavior and reality.

The cultural text that charges identity amidst imprisonment is not necessarily a written text. Rather, it is often a set of daily behaviors and stances through which prisoners reproduce their collective national and moral values. By doing so, they expand the boundaries of their identity, turning the prisoner into a living "text," becoming open books to each other that acculturate between them. In this sense, consciousness is no longer personal but takes on a collective dimension. When the prisoner is the text of himself, and the Palestinian intellectual who can turn him into a written text is absent, away from the rhetoric of the giant of patience and its generals, the intellectual prisoner becomes both the scene and the observer, the tortured and the reporter of the torture, the abstraction and the detail at the same time. This task is difficult and often, at times, seems almost impossible.

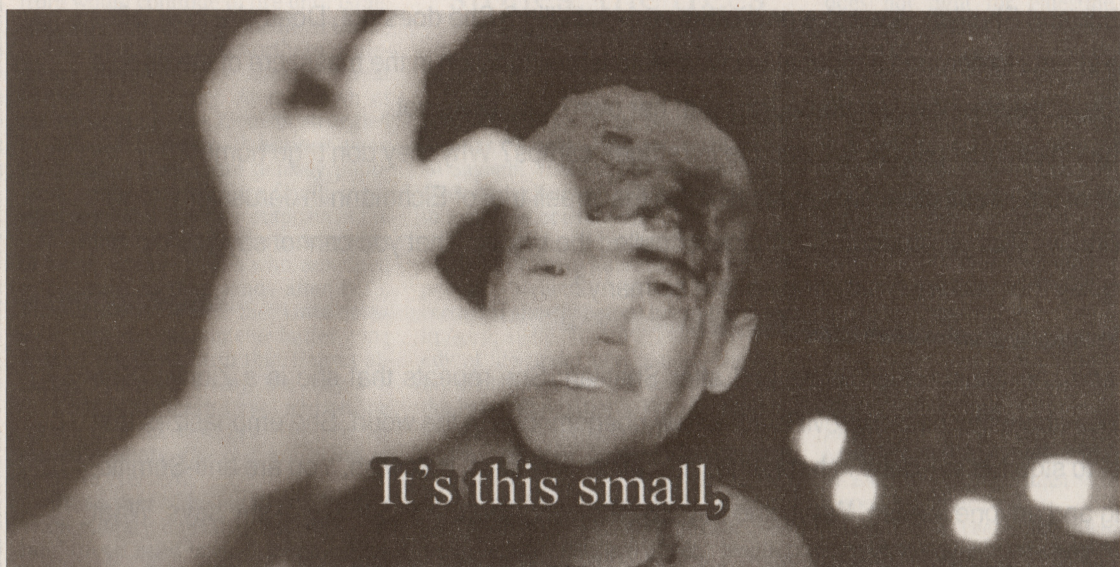
The prison administration did not ban academic education for prisoners merely out of restrictions and revenge — although this was part of it — but because they were alarmed by the sight of hundreds of prisoners who joined the Open Hebrew University and then Palestinian universities, especially Al-Quds University in Abu Dis, as they immersed themselves in their books and pamphlets for long hours, which the jailer wanted to be a time that would steal the soul and empty it.

Academic studies have provided prisoners with scientific tools to confront their reality. For the first time, they were exposed to theories in social sciences, politics, international relations, and other fields. Through these studies, far removed from slogans and ideological rhetoric, they realized that the Palestine they had fought for, been pursued for, and for which their comrades had been martyred, was not fully known to them. It is no exaggeration to say that academic studies served as a guardian of awareness in the absence of cultural and national mobilization. Rather they prevented the distortion of consciousness amidst the Palestinian division, which has become a research topic for student prisoners.

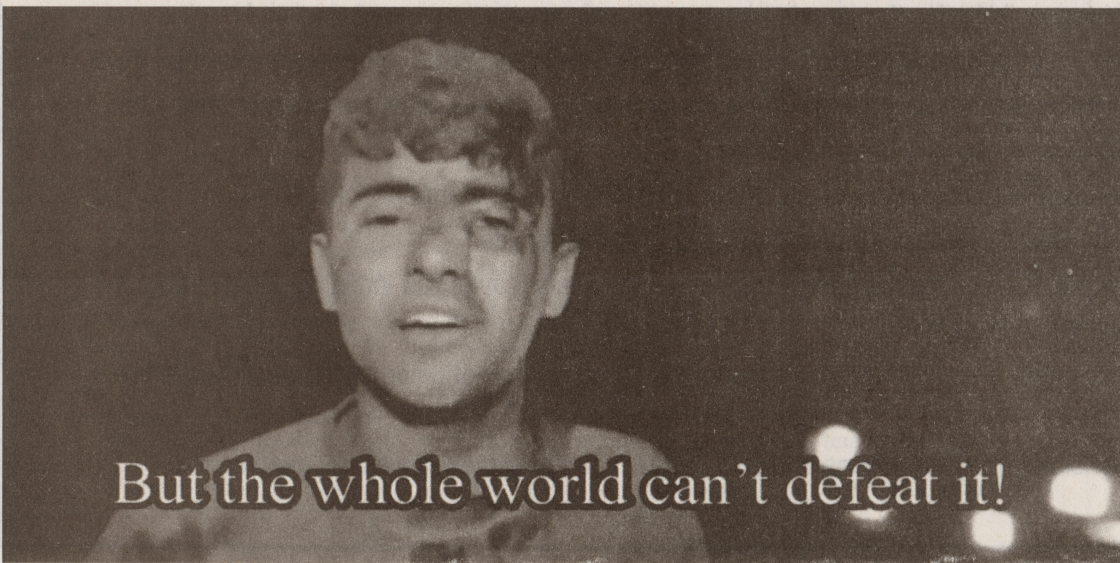
Meeting prisoners from all factions in study circles provided an opportunity for objective discussion of national concerns and an exercise in democratic dialogue. Additionally, the Israeli Studies master's program, which requires proficiency in Hebrew, offered a chance to understand the 'other,' not merely through the lens of 'know your enemy,' which is limited to security and military knowledge, but through understanding the intellectual and religious foundations behind their colonial project. Nonetheless, the percentage of student prisoners relative to the total number of prisoners remains a small elite, and they have yet to significantly influence the direction of the national and prisoner movements, especially as this experience is confined to Hadarim Prison.



'ALL IS OKAY, I SWEAR TO GOD.' — DECEMBER, 2023



It's this small,



But the whole world can't defeat it!

"My mother and sisters were martyred, may God have mercy on them! I am proud of my mother and sisters! They're martyrs, may God have mercy on them. But I swear to the God, Most High, the Most Great: Netanyahu, behind these martyrs there are three sons, who will blow up your head you son of a bitch. May God have mercy on our martyrs. We are heroes! We are Gaza! Where are you, Arab countries? May Allah protect you, Gaza. You taught the whole world manhood. It's this small, this small circle, but the entire world can't defeat it. Because we are heroes. My mother is a martyr, may God have mercy on her! My sisters are martyrs, may God have mercy on them! But days will turn around and you will film me while I step on their necks. Like we did on the 7th of October when we took the occupation soldiers as hostages. May God have mercy on you, Mother. We are steadfast. Even if a hundred like Netanyahu will come. Who are they anyway, this Biden and Netanyahu? The problem is that we can't see them. I wish they would come to me, I wish! I am fine, there's nothing wrong with me. You want me to smile? I am fine, look at me. All is okay, I swear to God."



The martyr Ayşenur Ezgi Eygi, at her graduation from University of Washington, June 2024.

‘Her death was just one of many, a devastating reminder of the urgency of stopping the ongoing genocide of Palestinians.’

Ayşenur Ezgi Eygi was twenty-six years old when she was shot and killed by an IOF sniper near Nabulus on September 6, 2024. She had arrived in the West Bank just three days earlier, as a volunteer with the International Solidarity Movement, and was observing a weekly protest against an illegal “Israeli” settlement in Beita. “Like the olive tree she lay beneath where she took her last breaths,” Eygi’s family said upon her death, “Ayşenur was strong, beautiful, and nourishing.”

Born on the Mediterranean coast of Turkey, Ayşenur grew up in the Seattle area. As a high school student, she began organizing students for racial and economic justice. She and other students traveled to Standing Rock to protest the Dakota Access Pipeline. From a young age Ayşenur recognized the interconnectedness of struggle and the necessity of mass mobilization. “We are the fire,” she wrote of a protest she helped organize in 2016. “We are burning for a future to believe in.”

As we sat down to write this note to Ayşenur we started to think of all the memories we shared: laughing on the phone, talking together in class, and swapping stories. We remember the enthusiasm of graduation being right around the corner. We remember walking across that stage, our faces full of excitement about our accomplishments with a hint of nervousness for the future. We remember hugging and telling each other “We did it! See you soon.” We did not know there would be no “soon” and that that would be the last time we would see each other.

While we were working on this translation project, Ayşenur was our glue. She was not afraid to take the initiative, and offer up unique and fresh ideas when everything felt stale. Her kindness was embedded in every part of the project and group communication. She would always check in on us — whether about the project or just to see how we were doing — providing emotional support when we needed it most. We could not have asked for a better teammate. She was the heart of our writing, and her influence will stay with us long after its completion. She cared so deeply: about people, education, the world — everything.

Ayşenur was a classmate, friend, and hero to many. She was always dedicated to her work, learning, and the people in her community. The world lost a sweet soul and an extraordinarily intelligent woman that day. You will be missed more than words can express.

Ayşenur, we forever thank you for your infectious energy and desire to tell the stories of those some see as invisible. Thank you for your dedication to the people of Palestine.

To writing together in another life,
Burcu & Beyza

No Collaboration with Collaborators

The Palestinian campaign for an academic and cultural boycott of Israel

There was a moment in the middle of October 2023 when it began to feel impossible to continue the work in our jobs. Work felt vulgar, even harmful. And we were doing it anyway, those of us in the provincial sphere of New York City “culture,” everyone spinning their promotional wheels for openings, performances, readings, galas, while our government was preparing the shipments of 2000-pound bombs to Israel.

Imagine: you are at a meeting at the Poetry Project, an arts organization with anywhere from one to four public events a week. Another reading or conversation or book launch is being planned. Normalcy is weirdly prevailing. Then someone snaps, says please can we talk about Gaza, and a valve of reality opens immediately for everyone in the room. Of course the priority is not drumming up ticket sales for the Halloween fundraiser. The priority is to figure out what we can do with what we have from where are in order to intervene in the siege, the blockade, the genocide of Palestinians in Gaza.

One thing we can do is simple. The Poetry Project did it. Wendy’s Subway did it. Blackstar did it. Two hundred other organizations and institutions and presses and publishers and magazines have done it by now — not enough, but more than we thought possible a year ago. We can commit to the Palestinian Campaign for the Academic and Cultural Boycott of Israel (PACBI). The campaign’s 2004 call encompassed a rejection of the Zionist cultural apparatus through three focused channels: a rejection of Israeli cultural funding, a rejection of collaborations with Israeli cultural institutions, and a rejection of any cultural projects and endeavors which seek to normalize Zionism.

This commitment, a creative form of refusal, should mark the beginning and not the end of solidarity. Culture workers of conscience have remained absorbed in the question of what is to be done. What do we do with our places, platforms, networks, resources? The effort to bring cultural institutions into PACBI endorsement has emerged as an enduring, growing element of cultural solidarity, with more than 200 arts and cultural institutions in North America endorsing PACBI since October 7. As we review this effort and consider what’s ahead, we feel compelled to first ask: why do institutions matter? Or, why is this particular institution or site in the cultural system worthy of our energies and attention in the movement to liberate Palestine? Do we believe institutional transformation is necessary or possible at all?

Sometimes, for some of us, the answer is no. And still, many of us continue to believe that organizations, venues, and publications are critical in the social fabric of culture. These are places where encounter happens — friction, friendship, antagonism, deliberation, discovery, and (yes) discourse. Those points of contact radiate outward. They shape our communities, markets, and governments. If we feel scorn toward certain institutional conventions — their exclusionary habits, their protection of bourgeois interests, their capitulation of artists and work — it is because we also recognize that they create terms and conditions for genuine, world-building connections around art.

For far too long, the institutional mainstream has situated Israel and Palestine as proportionally equivalent opponents in a “complicated” “conflict.” This dynamic perniciously preserves the imagined legitimacy of Zionist occupation and annihilation as somehow protective, or reasonably responsive, while perpetuating the characterization of Palestinians and especially the Palestinian resistance as lawless, barbaric terrorists. The installation of this narrative in our institutions runs deep. While we have observed sustained, concerted effort to rewrite the starting points of institutional discussion, we have also observed explicitly the enforcing mechanisms for Zionist sympathy — from the cancellations of exhibitions, awards, and programs; to the high-profile dismissals of editors and curators; to the exposed, attempted retaliations by collectors and gallery directors against artists, all for expressing solidarity with Palestine.

If the institution is a key site in the movement for cultural solidarity, the question that follows is — why PACBI? Why is this particular campaign such a crucial framework for shifting



Palestinians climb the apartheid wall with a ladder a few kilometers away from Qalandia checkpoint to reach Jerusalem, June 8, 2018.

“DECEITFUL WORLD”

by NEŞET ERTAŞ, translated by AYŞENUR EZGİ EYĞİ

*Did you always cry, did you always burn?
I couldn’t smile; in this deceitful world
Did you think you made me happy as I wished?
In a world that stole my life for nothing*

*Ah, this deceitful world, this deceitful world
In a world that smiles at me with deceit*

*You cried, my dear, and I burned
I thought the world would be as I wished
I was deceived in vain, I was fooled in vain
In a world where its color faded from my eyes*

*Ah, this deceitful world, this deceitful world
In a world that smiles at me with deceit*

*I know, my love, you had no fault
My feelings towards you were indeed too strong
Fate became a cloud, and it poured down on me
Tears filled my eyes in this world
Fate became a cloud, and it poured down on me
Tears filled my eyes in this world*

*Ah, this deceitful world, this deceitful world
In a world that smiles at me with deceit*

*Neither eating nor drinking no taste remains
Only the lament of a poor nightingale remains
Alas, I couldn’t achieve my desires, my desires remain
In a world I leave behind for others*

*Ah, this deceitful world, this deceitful world
In a world that smiles at me with deceit
Ah, this deceitful world, this deceitful world
In a world that smiles at me with deceit*



Palestinians throw stones at Israeli soldiers to protest illegal Israeli settlements in the West Bank village of Beita, where Eygi was martyred, April 10, 2023.

our institutional and broader cultural complicity? Why is programming, publication, and other typical output not enough?

The material focus of PACBI is a clear enough first argument. The campaign for cultural boycott has its precedent in earlier decolonial struggle, and specifically the South African anti-apartheid movement. PACBI is precise in its isolation of Zionist cultural structures — institutions, funding, and artworks — and equally precise in its emphasis of what it is not. The campaign is not a blanket boycott of individuals on the basis of ethnicity, national origin, or religion. In its focus on structures (vs. identities), adherence to the principles articulated by PACBI disentangle our cultural institutions from the most tangible exponents of Zionism.

“But why do we need to publicly commit to these principles if we’re already basically enacting them?” we often hear from a hand-wringing Executive Director when we’re talking about PACBI endorsement. “Isn’t this just symbolic?”

Or, as the German director of an NYC performance venue has put it to organizers in recent months: “Is PACBI really anything more than an Instagram post?”

We can and should reverse these evasive questions to explore what’s underneath them. If the terms of the cultural boycott are so elementary, if institutions are already aligned with them — why are they so allergic to endorsement? Perhaps they fear the broader association of BDS (the Boycott, Divest, Sanctions movement of which PACBI is a part) with accusations of antisemitism, a false claim to which the Israeli government and Israel lobby in the US have devoted millions of dollars. Maybe they worry about any of the myriad state-level pieces of legislation, which disqualify proponents of BDS from accessing certain public funds, even though again and again, judicial testing in the US protects boycott as a First Amendment right. Very likely, they fear

We are far away from reaching a global consensus that Zionism has no place in culture. But it is possible, underway, and growing.

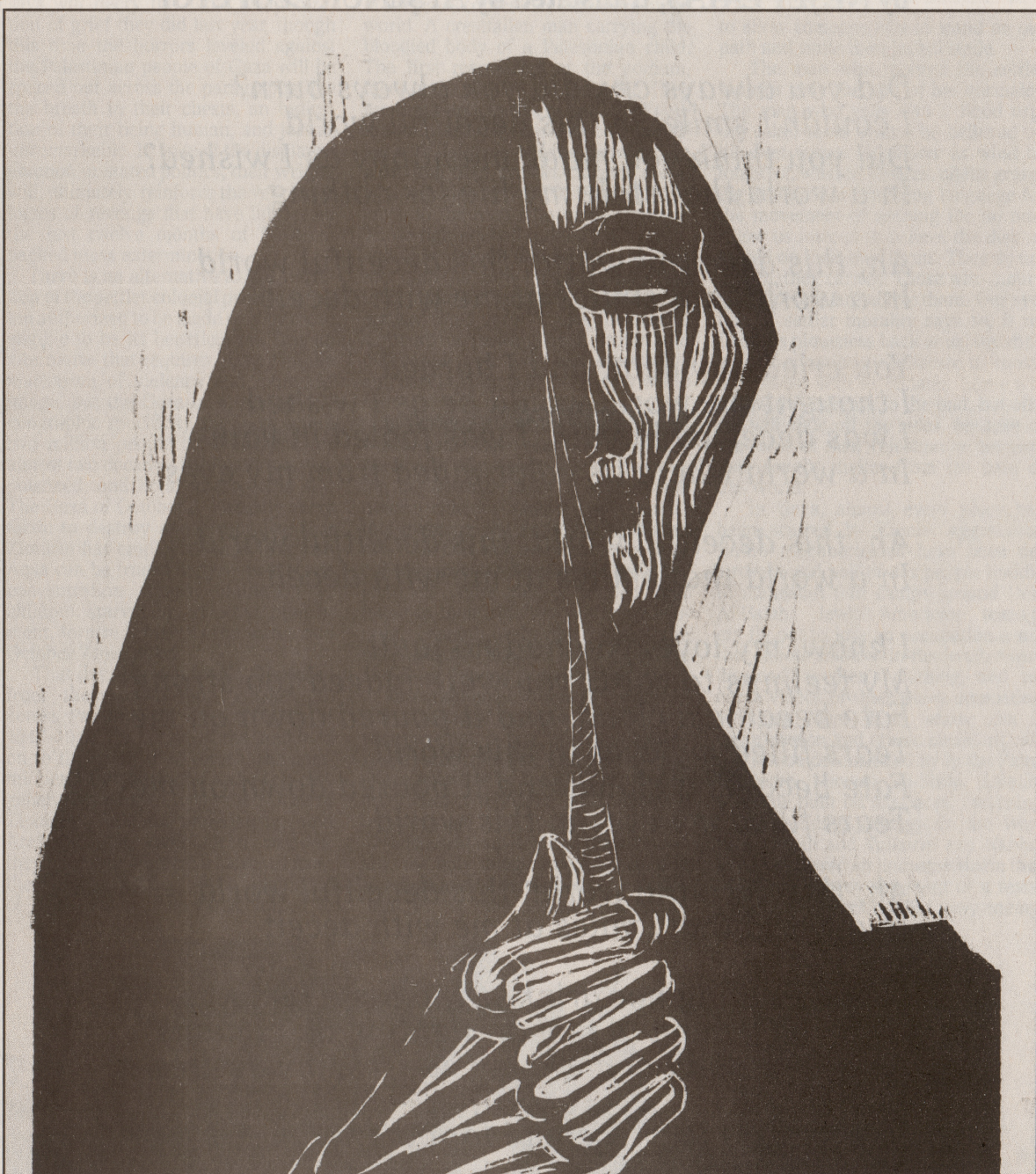
an endorsement of PACBI will invite negative repercussion from Zionist funders and donors.

Whatever the case may be, it is indisputable that these obstacles have been put in place by those who deliberately want to curtail the powerful potential of boycott. Public endorsement of PACBI by institutions not only affirms the institution’s internal commitment to mitigate harm. It affirms the institution’s conviction to its audiences and peers that there are, indeed, existing harmful, complicit conditions which move through culture. And this is pitifully, urgently a baseline recognition we still need to establish. We are far away from reaching a global consensus that Zionism has no place in culture. But it is possible, underway, and growing.

إلى أين يذهب الشهداء؟

An excerpt from "Where Do the Martyrs Go?" (1996)

By FAISAL DARRAJ



Woman Waiting (1979) by Abed Abdi.

"Where do the Martyrs Go" is an essay penned by Palestinian critic, and former member of the Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine (DFLP), Faisal Darraj (b. Galilee, Palestine, 1942). As the "Israeli" genocidal state attempts to eliminate the Palestinian resistance in Gaza, they fail to understand that the dream of liberation cannot be vanquished. We mourn the Palestinian martyrs, past and present, and we recognize that the volume of bloodshed is not in vain. Following Darraj, we acknowledge that our historical mission is to preserve the dreams of those who have sacrificed for a free Palestine. We owe the martyrs an unpayable debt. One form of remuneration, however unsatisfactory, is to safeguard dreams from the authorities of newspapers, libraries, and institutions that seek to neutralize, depoliticize, erase and silence the memory of those who look down on us, from the Kingdom of Necessary Dreams.

The recurring question returns: where do martyrs go? They first scatter and later unite through a process of disintegration and recollection that no one can control. It seems as though the martyr, who chose freedom, or who was chosen by death, only found freedom in death's embrace. His final liberation makes him difficult to tame.

Some elements of thought reside in the martyr. The martyr himself is an idea, though his blood has been washed, and a procession marched behind him, in tears, one day. The idea, of which martyrs are an image, proceeds to a non-place, narrating to those attentive listeners the birth of dreams and their demise. Something of a defeat, something distinctly beautiful, clenching to the image of that rebellious young man who has become a martyr. His beauty does not reside in the march towards a lost homeland, nor in the noble readiness to face death. Rather, beauty resides in that strange desire, oscillating calmly between death and freedom, which engenders an original existence from everyday existence that has come to a standstill. The dreamer moves towards his dream, marching with faith that the journey is more beautiful than its realization.

The martyr has his well-known beginnings that defy precise definition. He comes from a home worn out by humiliation. He is armed with a conviction in the justice of his cause and with knowledge that unites words with dignity. He heads towards a place rife with possibility. He travels whence he is guided by dreams, by a clear or a confused unconscious. He follows the guide who is afraid of the storm, or the commander who wants a "new operation." He is led astray by the rifle that has exhausted its bullets and the ambush that he did not expect upon embarking on the journey.

The martyr — the idea of the martyr — meets the fate of all thoughts, with one essential difference: some thoughts are found and memorialized in books, but the martyr, as an idea, does not find a book that preserves his memory except for ephemeral moments in history. There is a close relationship between authorities and ideas. The martyr-dreamer finds no authority to embrace him because authorities only embrace those who squander dreams and chase away the dreamers. The ideas of the powerful are propped up by networks of patronage. The powerful find libraries and research centers erected in their honor. They are rewarded with prizes and tributes; meanwhile, the martyr-as-idea remains suspended in the void. Authorities hate the martyr for his dreams. The dream of the martyr is the nightmare of authorities, and the nightmare of the martyr is the extinction of dreams. The dual nightmare of authorities, the martyr and his aspirations, are confronted at once. Those in power use ideas to subdue dreams, and transform the temporality of the martyr into an elapsed nightmare. They inaugurate libraries that turn dreams into corpses, fragmenting and dispersing the obsessions of dreamers into an abyss with no catalog.

The martyr goes to a non-place, in a dual sense: He has not accomplished what he had set out to do, and has not been embraced by a library that knows his name and recalls his deeds. He is the poster that once was, the poster that was plastered to the wall but withered away with the change of seasons. He is the son whose family has become

too caught up in the concerns of everyday life to recall his name. He is the photograph which had been preserved in the burnt archive. He is forgotten among the distant slogans folded into the past. He is the idea neglected by the writer who has finished his study. Who recalls the names of those who lived and died in Tal Al-Za'atar, those whose corpses were mutilated because there was no one to bury them. Who knows the nightmares of those who awaited a slow death in Sabra and Shatila. Who knows the names of those swept away by the river as they looked for the other bank. Who recalls the name of the young man who was incinerated because he could not speak? Martyrs end

The dream of the martyr is the nightmare of authorities and the nightmare of the martyr is the extinction of dreams.

up in a non-place. They accumulate in the folds of memory rushed by forgetfulness, at the bottom of pits of soil that receive no moisture. Martyrs end up in the depths of a thick sadness, a sadness unknown except to those who have grown too fatigued by dreaming and have sought isolation.

Despite the void of pleasures, the martyrs continue on their path towards the dream that cannot be seen. For this, there is a simple reason: The martyr is not reproduced by his predecessor. They both descend from the Kingdom of Necessary Dreams, that place which cannot die, and without which there is no existence. The martyr is an idea. Dreams, too, are ideas. And because dreams do not die and cannot be vanquished, martyrs flow uninterrupted.

Fighting Words

A tribute to Mr. Refaat, from two of his students

By YOUSEF ALJAMAL AND RAWAN YAGHI



Martyred writer and teacher Refaat Al-Areer.

In the preface to his edited collection of short stories, *Gaza Writes Back: Stories from Young Writers in Gaza, Palestine*, our professor Refaat Alareer, (or Mr. Refaat, as most of us called him) draws an image of a falling rocket with his words. The tip of the rocket, the charge or trigger, says, "we live, we live, we do."

Refaat found his calling in storytelling. He sought the universal power that all native peoples have in connecting with the land through stories. Quoting an Indigenous elder in North America confronting colonizers, "If this is your land, tell me your stories," he made the case for fighting back with our stories, our grandparents' stories.

After the 23-day attack on Gaza, what is known as Operation Cast Lead 2008-2009, Refaat began teaching Short Story and Creative Writing classes at the Islamic University of Gaza — which has since been destroyed by the Zionist entity. His curriculum touched on the work of writers the world over, from Ernest Hemingway, Virginia

Woolf, Anton Chekhov, Luigi Pirandello, and Emily Dickinson to Palestinian writers like Ghassan Kanafani and Susan Abulhawa.

For one of his assignments, he challenged his students to write a short story and submit it as an entry to an anthology. Out of hundreds of submissions came. The result: 23 astounding stories by 15 young writers in Gaza, including us and Refaat himself. He joked that anyone younger than him would be considered young. In 2014, Refaat edited them all into the collection *Gaza Writes Back*, published by Just World Books. He bragged that 13 of the 15 writers were women, and that Palestinian women could not only be writers, they could also be freedom fighters, doctors, engineers, and educators — not a radical notion even among many women in Gaza. Many of Refaat's female students saw him as an ally in a conservative society.

In 2014, we were lucky enough to accompany Refaat for a month-long book tour across seven U.S. states and 10

cities. Refaat was doing his PhD in Malaysia after overcoming myriad hurdles to exit the Gaza Strip, so he was able to travel to the United States (an opportunity he was later denied when he was invited to speak at the Palestine Writes festival in 2023).

Traveling alongside him from the East to the West Coast, Refaat carried himself with the same humility, the same empathy that we saw in his classroom. He was our big brother and our friend. He was excited by the different people, cities, and communities who opened their doors, hearts, and minds to listen to us.

A young man in Atlanta came up to Refaat and told him that after serving in the Israeli military he left Israel because of its treatment of the Palestinian people. Another young man in Seattle told Refaat that he would confront his father about Zionism because, "for my entire life, I was told a different story."

Speaking with children was second nature to Refaat. A five-year old Jewish girl named Viola, whose parents

became good friends with Refaat over the following years, told him about her newfound interest in optical illusions. He tells us later, in his writings, how he wished his daughter, Shaymaa, would obsess over such child-appropriate interests the way Viola did. He wished Shaymaa could have met Viola, without restrictions or an oppressive occupation that controls every aspect of her life. Shaymaa was killed in April 2024 along with her husband, Mohammed, and newborn baby, Abd Al-Rahman. Refaat never got to meet his grandson.

Shakespeare was Refaat's academic and creative passion. During our tour in the U.S., we visited the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington D.C., which had been celebrating Shakespeare's 400th birthday. Refaat placed the Palestinian keffiyeh around a portrait of Shakespeare and made sure to take a photo. His love for Shakespeare was unmatched; one of Refaat's students in Gaza joked that he kept Hamlet under his pillow when he went to sleep. Refaat would smile when someone told the joke.

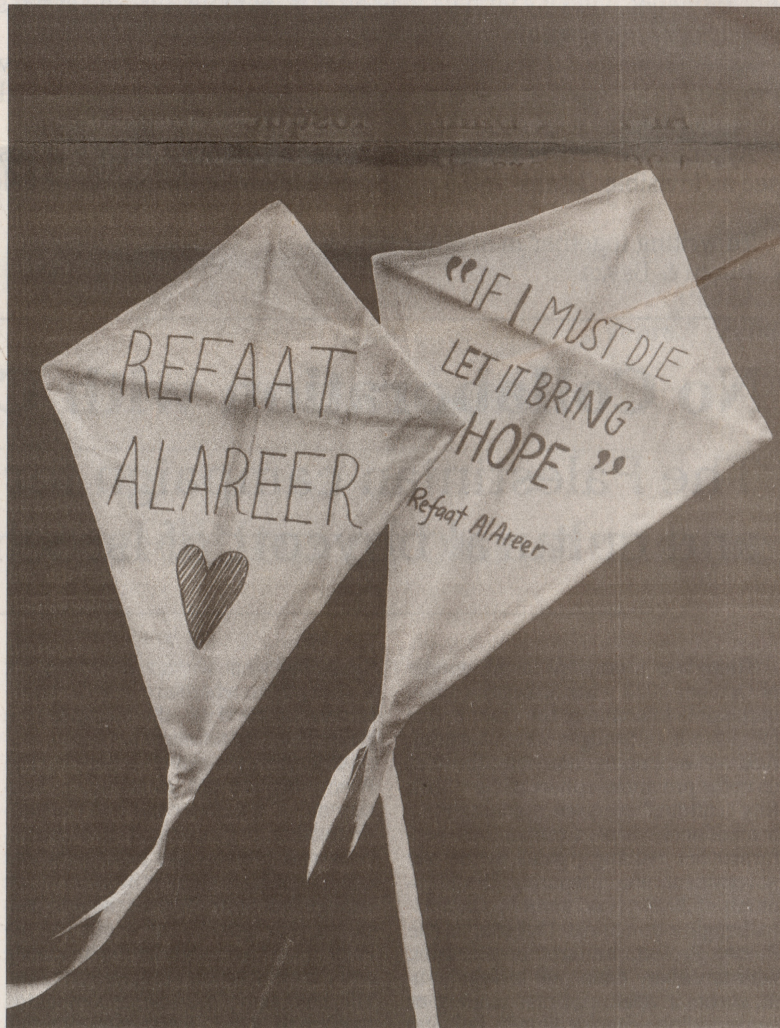
Refaat's martyrdom has left an enormous hole in our collective hearts and minds. He was there whenever we needed a friend, and whenever we

Refaat's martyrdom has left an enormous hole in our collective hearts and minds. When the world drowned out our voices, he uplifted them.

needed advice. When we thought our work wasn't worth anyone's attention, he paid attention. When the world drowned out our voices, he uplifted them.

December 6, 2023 was the date that someone from behind a screen in an office of the Israeli military decided to send a rocket to Refaat's sister's house where he was staying. That rocket exploded, and it put an end to the life of Refaat Alareer, a poet, an intellectual, and a father of six from Al-Shujaiyya, Gaza. Refaat is no longer living. No matter how much we refuse to believe it, He's not.

But what Refaat has done in his lifetime will outlive the person who pushed the button, and the rocket, and Israel. His words will keep fighting back.



Kite-shaped protest signs honoring martyr Refaat Al-Areer.

"BLOOD STAINS THE AUGUST SKY"

Blood stains the August sky,

A hole the size of my slender body before me,

Where have my friends gone?

Where has my house gone?

Why is the wind of war pushing me towards the hole?

—Mohammed Moussa
Gaza Poets Society

How many years of Gaza history have we lost this year?

Sites destroyed since Oct. 2023

Blakhiyya (Anthedon Harbor)
3,024 years old

Byzantine Church of Jabalia
1,580 years old

Great Omari Mosque Library
747 years old

Ibn Uthman Mosque
593 years old

Al-Zafar Damri Mosque
1,262 years old

Sites damaged but still standing in Oct. 2024

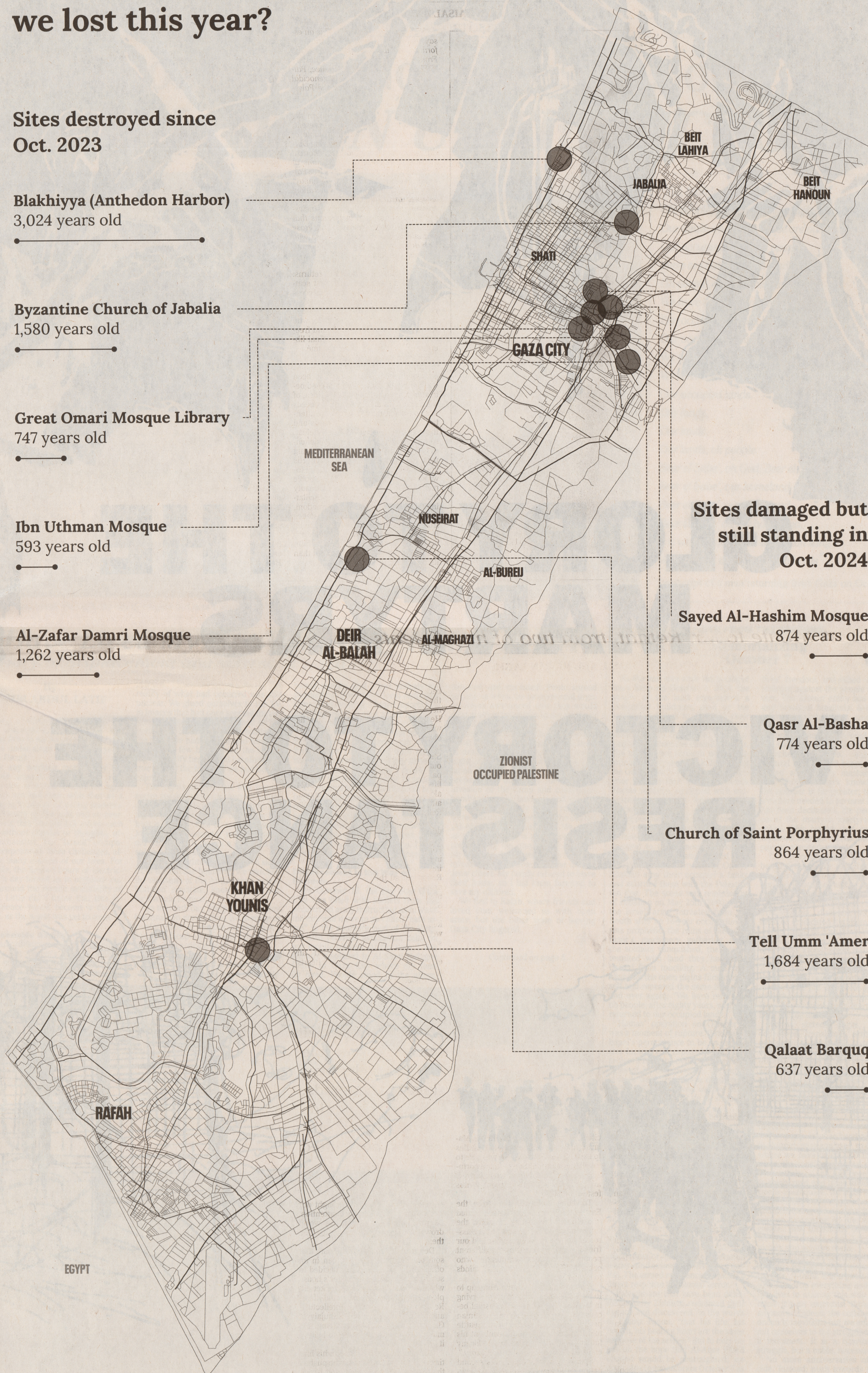
Sayed Al-Hashim Mosque
874 years old

Qasr Al-Basha
774 years old

Church of Saint Porphyrius
864 years old

Tell Umm 'Amer
1,684 years old

Qalaat Barquq
637 years old





**GLORY TO THE
MARTYRS**

**VICTORY TO THE
RESISTANCE**

